

LOVE in EXCESS,

OR THE

FATALENQUIRY.

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LOVE in EXCESS,
OR, THE
FATAL ENQUIRY.
A
NOVEL.

The THIRD and Last PART.

*Success can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Constancy the End.*

EPILOGUE to the Spartan Dame.

By Mrs. HAYWOOD.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's-Head*, (the
Post-Office) in Great *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*,
and Sold by J. ROBERT'S, at the *Oxford-Arms* in
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[Price Two Shillings.]

Where may be had the FIRST and SECOND PART.

LOVE in EXCESS OR THE FATAL ENQUIRY. A NOVEL.

The THIRD and LAST PART.

Successors then alone your Honor attend,
When Words the Motion Courting the End,
Epilogue to the Spanish Dance.

By Mrs. WOOD.



LONDON.

Printed for W. CHITTY, at the Crown-Office, (the
Old-Office) in Great Street, near Court-Garden,
and sold by J. ROBERTS, at the Oxford-Street,
Warwick-Lane, MDCCLXX.

[Twice Two Shillings]

Where may be had the First and Second PART.



LOVE in EXCESS:

OR, THE

FATAL ENQUIRY.

The Third and Last Part.

WH O' COUNT DELMONT never had any great tenderness for ALVYSA, and her extravagance of Rage and Jealousy, joyn'd to his Passion for MELIORA had every Day abated it, yet the manner of her Death was too great a shock to the sweetness of his disposition to be easily worn off; he cou'd not remember her Uneasiness, without reflecting that it sprung only from her too violent Affection for him; and tho' there was no possibility of living happily with her, when he consider'd that she dy'd, not only for him, but by his Hand, his Compassion for the Cause, and Horror for the Unwish'd, as well as Undesign'd Event, drew Lamentations from him, more
B sincere

sincere, perhaps, then some of those Husbands, who call themselves very Loving ones, wou'd make.

To alleviate the troubles of his Mind, he had endeavour'd all he cou'd, to perswade MELLIORA to continue in his House; but that afflicted Lady was not to be prevail'd upon, she look'd on her self, as, in a manner, necessary to ALOVVSA's Death, and thought the least she ow'd to her Reputation was to see the COUNT no more, and tho' in the forming this Resolution, she felt Torments unconceivable, yet the strength of her Virtue enabled her to keep it, and she return'd to the Monastery, where she had been Educated, carrying with her nothing of that Peace of Mind with which she left it.

NOT many Days pass'd between her Departure, and the COUNT's; he took his way towards *Italy*, by the perswasions of his Brother, who, since he found him bent to Travel, hop'd that Garden of the World might produce something to divert his Sorrows; he took but two Servants with him, and those rather for Convenience than State: *Ambition*, once his darling Passion, was now wholly extinguish'd in him by these Misfortunes, and he no longer thought of making a Figure in the World; but his Love nothing cou'd abate, and 'tis to be believ'd that the violence of that wou'd have driven him to the use of some fatal Remedy, if the CHEVALIER BRILLIAN, to whom he left the Care of MELLIORA's and her Brother's Fortune as well

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as his own, had not, tho' with much difficulty, obtain'd a Promise from her of Conversing with him by Letters.

THIS was all he had to keep Hope alive, and indeed it was no inconsiderable Consolation, for she that allows a Correspondence of that Kind with a Man that has any Interest in her Heart, can never persuade herself, while she does so, to make him become indifferent to her. When we give our selves the liberty of even talking of the Person we have once lov'd, and find the least pleasure in that Discourse, 'tis ridiculous to imagine we are free from that Passion, without which, the mention of it would be but insipid to our Ears, and the remembrance to our Minds, tho' our Words are never so Cold, they are the effects of a secret Fire, which burns not with less Strength for not being Dilated. The COUNTESS had too much Experience of all the Walks and Turns of Passion to be ignorant of this, if MELLIORA had endeavour'd to disguise her Sentiments, but she went not so far, she thought it a sufficient vindication of her Virtue to withhold the rewarding of his Love, without feigning a Coldness to which she was a stranger, and he had the satisfaction to observe a tenderness in her Stile, which assur'd him that her *Heart* was unalterably his, and very much strength'd his Hopes that one day her *Person* might be so too, when time had a little effac'd the memory of those Circumstances, which had oblig'd her to put this constraint on her Inclinations!

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HE wrote to her from every Post-Town, and waited till he receiv'd her Answer, by this means his Journey was extremely tedious, but no Adventures of any moment, falling in his way 'till he came to *Rome*, I shall not trouble my Readers with a recital of Particulars which cou'd be no way Entertaining.

BUT, how strangely do they deceive themselves, who fancy that they are Lovers, yet on every little Turn of Fortune, or Change of Circumstance, are agitated, with any Vehemence, by Cares of a far different Nature? *Love* is too jealous, too arbitrary a Monarch to suffer any other Passion to equalize himself in that Heart where he has fix'd his Throne. When once enter'd, he becomes the whole Business of our Lives, we Think---we Dream of nothing else, nor have a Wish not inspir'd by him: Those who have the Power to apply themselves so seriously to any other Consideration as to forget him, tho' but for a Moment, are but Lovers in Conceit, and have entertain'd Desire but as an agreeable Amusement, which when attended with any Inconvenience, they may without much difficulty shake off. Such a sort of Passion may be properly enough call'd *Liking*, but falls widely short of *Love*. *Love*, is what we can neither resist, expel, nor even alleviate, if we should never so vigorously attempt it; and tho' some have boasted, *Thus far will I yield and no farther*, they have been convinc'd of the vanity of forming such Resolutions by the impossibility of keeping them. *Liking* is a flashy Flame, which is to be kept alive only by ease and delight,

light. *Love*, needs not this fewel to maintain its Fire, it survives in Absence, and Disappointments, it endures, unchill'd, the wintry Blasts of cold Indifference and Neglect, and continues its Blaze, even in a storm of Hatred and Ingratitude; and Reason, Pride, or a just sensibility of conscious Worth, in vain Oppose it. *Liking*, plays gayly round, feeds on the Sweets in gross, but is wholly insensible of the Thorns which guard the nicer, and more refin'd Delicacies of Desire, and can consequently give neither Pain, nor Pleasure in any superlative degree. *Love* creates intollerable Torments! unspeakable Joys! raises us to the highest Heaven of Happiness, or sinks us to the lowest Hell of Misery.

COUNT D'ELMONT experienc'd the Truth of this Assertion; for neither his just concern for the manner of ALOVYSA's Death cou'd curb the Exuberance of his Joy, when he consider'd himself belov'd by MELLIORA; nor any Diversion, of which *Rome* afforded great Variety, be able to make him support being absent from her with Moderation. There are I believe, but few modern Lovers, how Passionate and Constant soever they pretend to be, who wou'd not in the COUNTRY's Circumstances have found some matter of Consolation; but he seem'd wholly dead to Gaiety. In vain, all the *Roman* Nobility courted his Acquaintance; in vain the Ladies made use of their utmost Artifice to engage him: He prefer'd a solitary Walk, a lonely Shade, or the Bank of some purling Stream, where he undisturb'd might contemplate on his Belov'd MELLIORA, to all the noisy Pleasures

fures of the Court, or the endearments of the inviting Fair. In fine, he shun'd as much as possible all Conversation with the Men, or Correspondence with the Women; returning all their *Billet-Deux*, of which scarce a Day past, without his receiving some, unanswer'd.

THIS manner of Behaviour in a little time deliver'd him from the Persecutions of the Discreet; but having receiv'd one Letter which he had us'd as he had done the rest, it was immediately seconded by another; both which contain'd as follows :

LETTER I.

To the never Enough Admir'd
COUNT D'ELMONT.

IN your Country, where Women are allow'd the privilege of being seen and Address'd to, it would be a Crime unpardonable to Modesty, to make the first Advances. But here, where rigid Rules are Bar's, as well to Reason, as to Nature: It would be as great a one, to feign an Insensibility of your Merit. I say, feign, for I look on it, as an impossibility really to Behold you with Indifferency: But, if I could believe that any of my Sex were in good earnest so dull, I must confess, I should Envy that happy Stupidity, which would secure me from the Pains such a Passion as you create must Inflict; unless, from the Millions whom your Charms have

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have reach'd ; you have yet a corner of your Heart
Unprepossess'd ; and an Inclination willing to re-
ceive the Impression of,

Your most Passionate and Tender,
(but 'till she receives a favourable
Answer) Your unknown Adorer.



LETTER II.

To the Ungrateful D'E L M O N T.

U Nworthy of the Happiness design'd you ! is it
thus, That you return the Condescension of
a Lady ? How fabulous is Report, which speaks those
of your Country, warm and full of amorous Desires ?
—Thou, sure, art colder than the bleak northern
Islanders—Dull, stupid Wretch ! insensible of e-
very Passion which give Lustre to the Soul, and dis-
fer Man, from Brute ! — Without Gratitude—With-
out Love—Without Desire—Dead, even to Cu-
riosity ! — How I cou'd dispise Thee for this nar-
rowness of Mind, were there not something in thy
Eyes and Mein which assure me, that this negligent
Behaviour is but affected ; and that there are with-
in thy Breast, some Seeds of hidden Fire, which want
but the Influence of Charms, more potent perhaps,
then you have yet beheld, to kindle into Blaze.
Make hast then to be Enliven'd, for I flatter my self
'tis in my Power to work this wonder, and long to
inspire so Lovely a Form with Sentiments only wor-
thy of it.—The Bearer of this, is a Person who I

dare Confide in—Delay not to come with him, for when once you are Taught what 'tis to Love; you'll not be Ignorant that doubtful Expectation is the worst of Racks, and from your own Experience. Pity what I feel, thus chill'd with Doubt, yet burning with Desire.

Yours, Impatiently.

THE COUNT was pretty much surpriz'd at the odd Turn of this Billet; but being willing to put an End to the Ladies Trouble, as well as his own; sat down, and without giving himself much Time to Think, writ these Lines in Answer to Hers.

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To the Fair INCOGNITA.

MADAM,

**I**F you have no other design in Writing to me, than your Diversion, methinks my Mourning Habit, to which my Countenance and Behaviour are no way Unconformable, might inform you, I am little dispos'd for Raillery. If in Earnest you can find any thing in me which pleases you, I must confess my self entirely unworthy of the Honour, not only by my personal Demerits, but by the Resolution I have made of Conversing with none of your Sex while I continue in Italy. I shou'd be sorry however to incur the Aspersions of an unmannerly Contemner of Favours, which tho' I do not desire, I pretend not to deserve. I therefore beg you will believe that I return this, as I did your Former, only to let you see, that since I decline making any  
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use of your Condescensions to my Advantage; I am not ungenerous enough to do so to your Prejudice, and to all Ladies deserving the regard of a Disinterested Well-wisher shall be an,

Humble Servant, D' Elmont.

THE COUNT order'd one of his Servants to deliver this Letter to the Person who brought the other; but he return'd immediately with it in his Hand, and told his Lordship that he cou'd not prevail on the Fellow to take it; that he said he had business with the Count, and must needs see him, and was so Importunate, that he seem'd rather to Demand than Entreat a Grant of his Request. D'ELMONT was astonish'd, as well he might, but commanded he should be admitted.

NOTHING cou'd be more Comical than the appearance of this Fellow, he seem'd to be about threescore Years of Age, but Time had not been the greatest Enemy to his Face, for the Number of Scars, was far exceeding that of Wrinkles, he was Tall above the common Stature, but so lean, that, till he spoke, he might have been taken for one of those Wretches who have pass'd the Hands of the Anatomists, nor wou'd his Walk have disipated that Opinion, for all his Motions, as he enter'd the Chamber, had more of the Air of Clockwork, than of Nature; his Dress was not less particular, he had on a Suit of Cloaths, which might perhaps have been good in the Days of his Great Grand-father, but the Person who they fitted must have been five times



times larger about the Body than him who wore them, a large broad buff Belt however remedy'd that Inconvenience, and girt them close about his Waste, in which hung a Fauchion, two Daggers, and a Sword of a more than ordinary Extent; the rest of his Equipage was a Cloak, which buttoning round his Neck fell not so low as his Hips, a Hat, which in rainy weather kept his Shoulders dry much better than an *Indian Umberrello*, one Glove, and a formidable pair of Whiskers. As soon as he saw the C O U N T, my Lord, said he, with a very impudent Air, my Orders were to bring your self, not a Letter from you, nor do I use to be employ'd in Affairs of this Nature, but to serve one of the Richest, and most Beautiful Ladys in *Rome*, who I assure you, it will be dangerous to disoblige. D'E L M O M T ey'd him intently all the time he spoke, and cou'd scarce, notwithstanding his Chagreen, forbear Laughing at the Figure he made, and the manner of his Salutation. I know not, answer'd he, Ironically, what Employments you have been us'd to, but certainly you appear to me, one of the most unfit Persons in the World for what you now undertake, and if the Contents of the Paper you brought me had not inform'd me of your Abilities this Way, I should never have suspected you for one of *Cupid's* Agents: You are merry my Lord, reply'd the other, but I must tell you I am a Man of Family and Honour, and shall not put up an Affront; but, continued he, shaking the few Hairs which frequent Skirmishes had left upon his Head, I shall defer my own Satisfaction 'till I have procur'd the Ladies

Ladies; therefore, if your Lordship will prepare to follow, I shall walk before, at a perceivable Distance, and without *St. Peter's Key* open the Gate of Heaven. I should be apt (said the C O U N T, not able to keep his Countenance at these Words) rather to take it for the other Place; but be it as it will, I have not the least Inclination to make the Experiment, therefore, you may walk as soon as you please without expecting me to accompany you. Then you absolutely refuse to go (cry'd the Fellow, clapping his Hand on his Forehead, and staring at him, as if he meant to scare him into Compliance!) Yes (answer'd the C O U N T laughing more and more) I shall neither go, nor waste any farther time or Words with you, so wou'd advise you not to be faucy, or tarry till my Anger gets the better of my Mirth, but take the Letter and be gone, and trouble me no more. The other, at these Words laid his Hand on his Sword, and was about to make some very impudent Reply, when D'ELMONT, growing weary of his Impertinence, made a Sign to his Servants, that they should turn him out, which he perceiving, took up the Letter without being bid a second time, and muttering some unintelligible Curses between his Teeth, march'd out, in the same affected Strutt, with which he enter'd.

THIS Adventure, tho' surprizing enough to a Person so entirely unacquainted with the Character and Behaviour of these *Bravo's* as D'ELMONT was, gave him but very little matter of Reflection, and it being the time for  
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Evening Service at St. *Peter's*, he went, according to his Custom to hear *Vesper's* there.

NOTHING is more Common than for the Nobility, and Gentry of *Rome* to divert themselves with Walking, and Talking to one another in the *Collonade* after Mass, and the COUNT, tho' averse to all other publick Assemblies, wou'd sometimes spend an Hour or two there.

As he was walking there this Evening, a Lady of a very gallant Mein pass'd swiftly by him, and flurting out her Handkerchief with a careless Air, as it were by Chance, drop'd an *Agnus Dei* set round with Diamonds at his Feet, he had too much Complaisance to neglect endeavouring to overtake the Lady, and prevent the Pain he imagin'd she wou'd be in, when she shou'd miss so rich a Jewel: But she, who knew well enough what she had done, left the Walk where the Company were, and cross'd over to the Fountain, which being more retir'd was the most proper for her Design: She stood looking on the Water, in a thoughtful Posture, when the COUNT came up to her, and bowing, with an Air peculiar to himself, and which all his Chagreen could not deprive of an irresistible Power of attraction, Presented the *Agnus Dei* to her. I think my self, Madam, said he, highly indebted to Fortune, for making me the means of your recovering a Jewel, the Loss of which wou'd certainly have given you some disquiet: Oh Heavens! cry'd she, receiving it with an affected Air of Surprize, could a Trifle like this which I knew not that I had let fall, nor per-  
haps



haps shou'd have thought on more, cou'd this, and belonging to a Woman too, meet the Regard of him, who prides in his Insensibility? Him! who has no Eyes for Beauty, nor no Heart for Love! As she spoke these Words she contriv'd to let her Vail fall back as if by Accident, and discover'd a Face, Beautiful even to Perfection! Eyes black and sparkling, a Mouth form'd to Invite, a Skin dazlingly white, thro' which a most delightful Bloom diffus'd a cheerful Warmth, and glow'd in amorous Blushes on her Cheeks. The Count could not forbear gazing on her with Admiration, and perhaps, was, for a Moment, pretty near receding from that Insensibility she had reproach'd him with; but the Image of MELIORA, yet unenjoy'd, all ravishingly Kind and Tender, rose presently in his Soul, fill'd all his Faculties, and left no Passage free for rival Charms. Madam, said he after a little Pause, the *Italian* Ladies take care to skreen their too dazling Lustre behind a Cloud, and, if I durst take that Liberty, have certainly reason to Tax your Accusation of Injustice; he, on whom the Sun has never vouchsafed to shine, ought not to be condemn'd for not acknowledging its brightness; yours is the first Female Face I have beheld, since my Arrival here, and it wou'd have been as ridiculous to have feign'd my self susceptible of Charms which I had never seen, as it wou'd be Stupidity, not to confess those I now do, worthy Adoration. Well, resum'd she smiling, if not the *Lover's*, I find, you know to act the *Courtier's* Part; but continued she, looking languishingly on him, all you can say, will scarce make me believe

believe, that there requires not a much brighter Sun than mine, to Thaw a certain Frozen Resolution, you pretend to have made. There needed no more to confirm the COUNT in the Opinion he had before conceiv'd, that this was the Lady from whom he had receiv'd the two Letters that day, and thought he had now the fairest Opportunity in the World to put an End to her Passion, by assuring her how impossible it was for him ever to return it, and was forming an Answer to that purpose; when a pretty deal of Company coming toward them, he drew her Vail over her Face, and turning hastily from him, mingled with some Ladies, who seem'd to be of her Acquaintance.

THE COUNT knew by experience, the unutterable Perturbations of Suspence, and what agonizing Tortures rend an amorous Soul, divided betwixt Hope and Fear: Dispair itself is not so Cruel as Uncertainty, and in all Ills, especially in those of Love, it is less Misery to *Know*, than *Dread* the worst. The Remembrance of what he had suffer'd thus agitated, in the Beginning of his Passion for MELLIORA, made him extreamly pity the unknown Lady, and regret her sudden Departure; because it had prevented him from letting her into so much of his Circumstances, as he believ'd were necessary to induce her to recall her Heart. But when he consider'd how much he had struggled, and how far he had been from being able to repell Desire, he began to wonder that it cou'd ever enter into his Thoughts that there was even a possibility for *Woman*, so much stronger in her Fancy,

Fancy, and weaker in her Judgment, to suppress the Influence of that powerful Passion; against which, no Laws, no Rules, no Force of Reason, or Philosophy, are sufficient Guards.

THESE Reflections gave no small Addition to his Melancholy; AMENA's Retirement from the World; ALOVYSA's Jealousy and Death; MELLIORA's Peace of Mind and Reputation, and the Despair of several, whom he was sensible, the Love of him, had rendred miserable, came fresh into his Memory, and he look'd on himself as most unhappy, in being the Occasion of making others so.

THE Night which succeeded this Day of Adventures, chancing to be abroad pretty late; as he was passing thro' a Street, he heard a Clashing of Swords, and going nearer to the place where the Noise was, he perceiv'd by some Lights which glimmer'd from a distant Door, a Gentleman defending himself with much Bravery against Three, who seem'd eager for his Death. D'ELMONT was mov'd to the highest Indignation at the Sight of such Baseness; and Drawing his Sword, flew furiously on the Assassins, just as one of them was about to run his Sword into the Breast of the Gentleman; who, by the breaking of his own Blade, was left unarm'd. *Turn Villain, cry'd D'ELMONT, or while you are acting that Inhumanity, receive the just Reward of it from me.* The Russian fac'd about immediately, and made a Pass at him, while one of his Comrades did the same on the other side; and the third was going to execute on



on the Gentleman, what his fellows Surprise had made him leave undone: But he had now gain'd Time to pull a Pistol out of his Pocket, with which he shot him in a Moment dead; and snatching his Sword from him as he fell, ran to assist the C O U N T, who 'tis likely wou'd have stood in need of it, being engag'd with two, and those the most Desperate sort of *Bravo's*, Villains that make a Trade of Death. But the Noise of the Pistol made them apprehensive there was a farther Rescue, and put 'em to flight. The Gentleman seem'd agitated with a more than ordinary Fury; and instead of staying to Thank the C O U N T, or enquire how he had escap'd, ran in pursuit of those who had assaulted him, so swiftly, that it was in vain for the C O U N T, not being well acquainted with the Turnings of the Streets, to attempt to follow him, if he had a Mind to it: But seeing there was a Man kill'd, and not knowing either the Persons who fought, or the Occasion of their Quarrel, he rightly judg'd, that being a Stranger in the place, his Word wou'd not be very readily taken in his own Vindication; therefore thought his wisest Course wou'd be to make off, with what Speed he cou'd, to his Lodging. While he was Considering, he saw something on the Ground which glitter'd extreamly; and taking it up, found that it was part of the Sword which the assaulted Gentleman had the Misfortune to have broke: The Hilt was of a fine Piece of Agat, set round on the Top with Diamonds, which made him believe the Person whom he had preserv'd, was of considerable Quality, as well as Bravery.

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He had not gone many Paces from the place where the Skirmish hapned, before a Cry of Murder met his Ears, and a great Concourse of People his Eyes: He had receiv'd two or three slight Wounds, which, tho' not much more than Skin-deep, had made his Linnen bloody, and he knew wou'd be sufficient to make him be apprehended, if he were seen, which it was very difficult to avoid: He was in a narrow Street, which had no Turning, and the Crowd was very near him; when looking round him with a good deal of Vexation in his Thoughts, he discern'd a Wall, which in one part of it seem'd pretty low: He presently resolv'd to climb it, and trust to Fortune for what might befall him on the other side, rather than stay to be expos'd to the Insults of the Outrageous Mob; who, ignorant of his Quality, and looking no farther than the Outside of Things, wou'd doubtless have consider'd him, no otherwise, than a Midnight Rioter.

WHEN he was got over the Wall, he found himself in a very fine Garden, adorn'd with Fountains, Statues, Groves, and every Ornament, that Art, or Nature, cou'd produce for the Delight of the Owner: At the upper End there was a Summer-house, into which he went, designing to stay there 'till the Search was over.

BUT He had not been many Moments in his Concealment before he saw a Door open from the House, and two Women come out; they walk'd directly up to the place where he was; he

he made no doubt but that they design'd to enter, and retir'd into the farthest Corner of it: As they came pretty near, he found they were earnest in Discourse, but cou'd understand nothing of what they said, 'till she, who seem'd to be the Chief, raising her Voice a little higher than she had done: Talk no more, *BRIONE*, said she, if e're thy Eyes are Blest to see this Charmer of my Soul, thou wilt cease to wonder at my Passion; great as it is, 'tis wanting of his Merit.— Oh! He is more than Raptur'd Poets feign, or Fancy can invent! Suppose Him so, (*cry'd the other*,) yet still he wants that Charm which shou'd Endear the others to you— Softness—Heavens! to Return your Letters! to Insult your Messenger! to slight such Favours as any Man of Soul wou'd dye to obtain! Methinks such Usage shou'd make him odious to you,—even I shou'd scorn so spiritless a Wretch. Peace, thou Prophaner, *said the Lady in an angry Tone*, such Blasphemy deserves a Stab— But thou hast never heard his Voice, nor seen his Eyes, and I forgive Thee. Have you then spoke to him, *interrupted the Confident*? Yes, *answer'd the Lady*, and by that Conversation, am more undone than ever, it was to tell thee this Adventure, I came to Night into this agreeable Solitude. With these Words they came into the Summer-house, and the Lady seating herself on a Bench; Thou know'st, *resum'd she*, I went this Evening to Saint Peter's, there I saw the glorious Man; saw him in all his Charms; and while I bow'd my Knee, in shew to Heaven, my Soul was prostrate only to him. When the Ceremony was over, perceiving he stay'd in the Collonade,



*Collonade*, I had no power to leave it, but stood, regardless who observ'd me, gazing on him with Transports, which only those who Love like me, can guess! — God! with what an Air he walk'd! What new Attractions dwelt in every Motion--- And when he return'd the Salutes of any that pass'd by him, how graceful was his Bow! How loftly his Mein, and yet, how affable! — A sort of an inexpressible awful Grandeur, blended with tender Languishments, strikes the amaz'd Beholder at once with Fear and Joy! — Something beyond Humanity shines round him! Such Looks descending Angels wear, when sent on Heavenly Embassies to some Favorite Mortal! Such is their Form! Such Radiant Beams they dart; and with such Smiles they temper their Divinity with Softness! — Oh! with what Pain did I restrain my self from flying to him! from rushing into his Arms! from hanging on his Neck, and wilding uttering all the furious Wishes of my burning Soul! — I trembled---panted---rag'd with inward Agonies: Nor was all the Reason I cou'd muster up, sufficient to bear me from his Sight, without having first spoke to him. To that End I ventur'd to pass by him, and drop'd an *Agnus Dei* at his Feet, believing that wou'd give him an Occasion of following me, which he did immediately, and returning it to me, discover'd a new Hoard of unimagin'd Charms — All my fond Soul confess'd before of his Perfections were mean, to what I now beheld! Had'st thou but seen how he approach'd me — with what an awful Reverence — with what a soft beseeching, yet commanding Air, he kiss'd the happy Trifle, as he

gave it me, thou would'st have envy'd it as well as I! At last he spoke, and with an Accent so Divine, that if the sweetest Musick were compar'd to the more Celestial Harmony of his Voice, it would only serve to prove how vastly *Nature* do's excell all *Art*. But, Madam, cry'd *the other*, I am impatient to know the End of this Affair; for I presume you discover'd to him both what, and who you were? My Face only, reply'd the Lady, for e're I had opportunity to do more, that malicious Trifler, VIOLETTA, perhaps envious of my Happiness, came toward us with a Crowd of Impertinents at her Heels. Curse on the Interruption, and Broke off our Conversation; just at that Blest, but Irrecoverable Moment, when I perceiv'd in my Charming Conqueror's Eyes, a growing Tenderneſs, ſufficient to encourage me to reveal my own. Yes, BRIGNE, thoſe lovely Eyes, while fix'd on mine, ſhone, with a Luſtre, uncommon, even to themſelves — A livelier Warmth o'reſpread his Cheeks — Pleaſure ſat ſmiling on his Lips — thoſe Lips, my Girl, which even when they are ſilent, ſpeak; but when unclos'd, and the ſweet Gales of balmy Breath blow on you, he kills you in a Sigh; each hurry'd Sence is raviſh'd, and your Soul glows with Wonder and Delight. Oh! to be forc'd to leave him in this Criſis, when new-deſire began to dawn; when Love in its moſt lively Symptoms was apparent, and ſeem'd to promiſe all my Wiſhes Covet, what Separation ever was ſo cruel? Compoſe your ſelf, dear Madam, ſaid BRIGNE, if he be really in Love; as who ſo ſenſeleſs as not to be ſo, that once has ſeen your Charms? That Love will

will teach him speedily to find out an opportunity as favourable as that which you have lately miss'd ; or if he shou'd want Contrivance to procure his own Happiness, 'tis but your writing to appoint a Meeting. He must — He shall be mine ! cry'd the Lady in a Rapture, My Love, fierce as it was before, from Hope receives Addition to its Fury ; I rave — I burn — I am mad with wild Desires — I dye, BRIGNE, if I not possess him. In speaking these Words, she threw her self down on a Carpet which was spread upon the Floor ; and after sighing two or three times, continued to discover the Violence of her impatient Passion in this manner : Oh that this Night, said she, were past, — the Blissful Expectation of to-morrows Joys, and the distracting Doubts of Disappointment, swell my unequal beating Heart by Turns, and rack me with Vicissitudes of Pain — I cannot live and bear it — Soon as the Morning breaks, I'll know my Doom — I'll send to him — But 'tis an Age till then — Oh that I cou'd sleep — Sleep might perhaps anticipate the Blessing, and bring him in Idea to my Arms — But 'tis in vain to hope one Moment's cool Serenity in Love like mine — My anxious Thoughts hurry my Sences in Eternal Watchings ! — Oh D'ELMONT ! D'ELMONT ! Tranquill, Cold, and Calm D'ELMONT ! Little doest thou guess the Tempest thou hast rais'd within my Soul, nor know'st to pity these consuming Fires !

THE COUNT list'ned to all this Discourse with a World of Uneasiness and Impatience ; and tho' at first he fancy'd he remember'd the



Voice, and had Reason enough from the beginning, especially when the *Agnus Dei* was mention'd, to believe it cou'd be no other than himself, who the Lady had so passionately describ'd; yet he had not Confidence to appear till she had nam'd him; but then, no Consideration was of force to make him neglect this opportunity of undeceiving her; his good Sense, as well as good Nature, kept him from that Vanity, too many of his Sex imitate the weaker in, of being pleas'd that it was in his Power to create Pains, which it was not in his Power, so devoted as he was, to Ease.

HE stept from his Retirement as softly as he cou'd, because he was loath to alarm them with any Noise, till they shou'd discover who it was that made it, which they might easily do, in his advancing toward them never so little, that part of the Bower being much lighter than that where he had stood; but with his over-caution in sliding his Feet along, to prevent being heard, one of them tangled in the Corner of the Carpet, which hapned not to lie very smooth, and not being sensible presently what it was that Embarrass'd him: He fell with part of his Body cross the Lady, and his Head in BRIONE's Lap, who was sitting on the Ground by her. The Manner of his Fall was lucky enough, for it hinder'd either of them from rising, and running to alarm the Family, as certainly in such a fright they wou'd have done, if his Weight had not detain'd them; they both gave a great Shriek, but the House being at a good distance, they cou'd not easily be heard; and he immediately

diately recovering himself, beg'd Pardon for the Terror he had occasion'd them; and addressing to the Lady, who at first was dying with her Fears, and now with Consternation: D'ELMONT Madam, said he, cou'd not have had the Assurance to appear before you, after hearing those undeserv'd Praises your Excess of Goodness has been pleas'd to bestow upon him, but that his Soul wou'd have reproach'd him of the highest Ingratitude, in permitting you to continue longer in an Error, which may involve you in the greatest of Misfortunes, at least I am ----- As he was speaking, three or four Servants with Lights came running from the House; and the Lady, tho' in more Confusion than can be well express'd, had yet Presence of Mind enough to bid the COUNT retire to the place where he had stood before, while she and BRIGNE went out of the Summer-house to learn the Cause of this Interruption: Madam, cry'd one of the Servants, as soon as he saw her, the Officers of Justice are within; who being rais'd by an Alarm of Murther, come to beg your Ladyships Permission to search your Garden, being, as they say, inform'd that the Offender made his Escape over this Wall. 'Tis very improbable, reply'd the Lady, for I have been here a considerable Time, and have neither heard the least Noise, nor seen any Body: However they may search, and satisfy themselves---go you, and tell them so. Then turning to the COUNT, when she had dismiss'd her Servants; My Lord, said she Trembling, I know not what strange Adventure brought you here to Night, or whether you are the Person for whom the

Search is made; but am sensible, if you are found here, it will be equally injurious to your Safety, and my Reputation; I have a Back-door, thro' which you may pass in Security: But, if you have Honour, continu'd she Sighing, Gratitude, or good Nature, you will let me see you to-morrow Night. Madam, reply'd he, assure yourself that there are not many things I more earnestly desire than an opportunity to convince you, how sensibly I am touch'd with your Favours, and how much I regret my want of Power to — you, interrupted she, can want nothing but the *Will* to make me the happiest of my Sex — But this is no Time for you to *Give*, or me to *Receive* any Proofs of that Return which I expect — Once more I conjure you to be here to-morrow Night at Twelve, where the Faithful BRIGNE shall attend to admit you. Farewell — be punctual and sincere — 'Tis all I ask --- When I am not, answer'd he, may all my Hopes forsake me. By this time they were come to the Door, which BRIGNE opening softly, let him out, and shut it again immediately.

THE COUNT took care to Remark the place that he might know it again, resolving nothing more than to make good his Promise at the appointed Hour, but cou'd not help being extremely troubled, when he consider'd how unwelcome his Sincerity wou'd be, and the Confusion he must give the Lady, when instead of those Raptures the Violence of her mistaking Passion made her hope she shou'd meet with only cold Civility, and the killing History of the Pre-engagement of his Heart. In these and the like melancholy



lancholy Reflections he spent the Night; and when Morning came, receiv'd the severest Augmentation of them, which Fate cou'd load him with.

It was scarce full Day when a Servant came into his Chamber to acquaint him, that a young Gentleman, a Stranger, desir'd to be admitted, and seem'd so impatient till he was: That, said the Fellow, not knowing of what Consequence his Business may be, I thought it better to Risque your Lordship's Displeasure for this early Disturbance, than by dismissing him, fill you with an unsatisfy'd Curiosity. The Count was far from being Angry, and commanded that the Gentleman should be brought up, which Order being immediately obey'd, and the Servant with-drawn out of Respect: Putting his Head out of the Bed, he was surpriz'd with the Appearance of one of the most beautiful *Chevaliers* he had ever beheld, and in whose Face, he imagin'd he trac'd some Features not Unknown to him. Pardon, me Sir, said he, throwing the Curtains more back than they were before, that I receive the Honour you do me, in this manner—But being Ignorant of your Name, Quality, the Reason of your desire to see me, or any thing but your Impatience to do so, in Gratifying that, I fear, I have injur'd the Respect, which, I believe, is Due; and which, I am sure, my Heart is inclinable to pay to you. Visits, like mine, reply'd the Stranger, require but little Ceremony, and I shall easily remit that Respect you talk of, while I am Unknown to you, provided you will give me one

one Mark of it, that I shall ask of you, when you do. There are very few, reply'd D'E L M O N T, that I cou'd refuse to one, whose Aspect Promises to deserve so many. First then, cry'd the other pretty warmly, I demand a Sister of you, and not only her, but a Reparation of her Honour, which can be done no otherwise than by your Blood. It is impossible to represent the C O U N T's astonishment at these Words, but conscious of his Innocence in any such Affair; I shou'd be sorry *Signior*, said he coolly, that Precipitation should hurry you to do any Action, you wou'd afterwards Repent; you must certainly be mistaken in the Person to whom you are Talking — Yet, if I were Rash like you, what fatal Consequences might ensue; but there is something in your Countenance which engages me to wish a more friendly Interview than what you speak of: Therefore wou'd persuade you to consider calmly, and you will soon find, and acknowledge your Mistake; and, to further that Reflection, I assure you, that I am so far from Conversing with any Lady, in the Manner you seem to hint, that I scarcely know the Name, or Face of any one. — Nay, more, I give you my word, to which I joyn my Honour, that, as I never *have*, I never *will* make the least Pretensions of that kind to any Woman during the Time of my Residence here. This poor Evasion, reply'd the Stranger with a Countenance all inflam'd, ill suits a Man of Honour. — This is no *Roman*, no, *Italian Bon-Roba*, who I mean — but *French* like you — like both of us. — And if your Ingratitude had not made it necessary for your Peace, to erase all

all Memory of *Monsieur FRANKVILLE*, you wou'd before now, by the near resemblance I bear to him, have known me for his Son, and that 'tis *MELLIORA*'s—The fond—The lost—The ruin'd *MELLIORA*'s Cause which calls for Vengeance from her Brother's Arm! Never was any Soul agitated with more violent Emotions, than that of *Count D'ELMONT* at these Words. Doubt, Grief, Resentment, and Amazement, made such a Confusion in his Thoughts, that he was unable for some Moments to answer this cruel Accusation; and when he did, the Brother of *MELLIORA* said he with a deep Sigh, wou'd certainly have been, next to her self, the most welcome Person upon Earth to me; and my Joy to have Embrac'd him as the dearest of my Friends, at least have equall'd the Surprize I am in, to find him without Cause my Enemy.—But, Sir, if such a Favour may be granted to an unwilling Foe, I wou'd desire to know, Why you joyn *Ruin* to your Sisters Name? Oh! give me Patience Heaven, cry'd young *FRANKVILLE* more Enrag'd; Is this a Question fit for you to ask, or me to Answer? Is not her Honour Tainted--- Fame betray'd.—Her self a Vagabond, and her House abus'd, and all by you; the unfaithful Guardian of her injur'd Innocence?—And can you ask the Cause?—No, rather rise this Moment, and if you are a Man, who dare maintain the ill you have done, defend it with your Sword; not with vain Words and Womanish Excuses: All the other Passions which had Warr'd within *D'ELMONT*'s Breast, now gave way to Indignation: Rash young Man, said



said he, jumping hastily out of the Bed, and beginning to put his Cloths on : Your Father wou'd not thus have us'd me ; nor, did he Live, cou'd blame me, for vindicating as I ought my wounded Honour — That I do Love your Sister is as True, as that you have wrong'd me — Basely wrong'd me. But that her Virtue suffers by that Love, is false ! — And I must write the Man that speaks it, *Liar*, tho' in her Brothers Heart. Many other violent Expressions to the same Effect, pass'd between them, while the Count was dressing himself, for he wou'd suffer no Servant to come in, to be Witness of his Disorder. But the steady Resolution with which he had attested his Innocence, and that inexpressible sweetness of Deportment, equally Charming to both Sexes, and which not even *Anger* cou'd render less Graceful, extreamly cool'd the Heat FRANKVILLE had been in a little before, and he in secret, began to recede very much from the ill Opinion he had conceiv'd, tho' the greatness of his Spirit kept him from acknowledging he had been in an Error ; 'till chancing to cast his Eyes on a Table which stood in the Chamber, he saw the hilt of the broken Sword which D'ELMONT had brought home the Night before, lying on it ; he took it up, and having first look'd on it with some Confusion in his Countenance. My Lord, said he, turning to the Count, I conjure you, before we proceed further, to acquaint me truly, how this came into your Possession. Tho' D'ELMONT had as great a Courage, when any laudable Occasion appear'd to call it forth, as any Man that ever liv'd ; yet his natural

tural Disposition had such an uncommon Sweet-  
 ness in it, as no Provocation cou'd sowre; it  
 was always a much greater Pleasure to him to  
 Forgive than Punish Injuries; and if at any  
 time he was Angry, he was never Rude, or  
 Unjust. The little Starts of Passion, FRANK-  
 VILLES rash Behaviour had occasion'd, all  
 dissolv'd in his more accustomary Softness,  
 when he perceiv'd the other growing Calm.  
 And answering to his Question, with the most  
 obliging Accent in the World: It was my good  
 Fortune, (said he) to be instrumental last Night,  
 in the Rescue of a Gentleman who appear'd to  
 have much Bravery, and being Attack'd by  
 odds, behav'd himself in such a Manner, as  
 wou'd have made him stand but little in need of  
 my Assistance, if his Sword had been equal to  
 the Arm which held it; but the breaking of that,  
 gave me the Glory of not being unserviceable  
 to him. After the Skirmish was over, I took  
 it up, hoping it might be the means sometime  
 or other of my discovering who the Person was,  
 who wore it; not out of Vanity of receiving  
 Thanks for the little I have done, but that I  
 shou'd be glad of the Friendship of a Person,  
 who seems so worthy my Esteem. Oh far!  
 cry'd FRANKVILLE, with a Tone and  
 Gesture quite alter'd, infinitely far from it---  
 It was my self whom you preserv'd; that very  
 Man whose Life you but last Night so gene-  
 rously redeem'd, with the hazard of your own,  
 comes new prepar'd to make the first use of it  
 against you — Is it possible that you can be so  
 heavenly Good to Pardon my wild Passions  
 Heat? Let this be witness, with what Joy I do,  
 answer'd

answer'd the C O U N T, tenderly Embracing him, which the other eagerly returning; they continu'd lock'd in each others Arms for a considerable Time, neither of them being able to say more, than——And was it FRANKVILLE I Preserv'd!——And was it to D'ELMONT I owe my Life!..

A F T E R this mutual Demonstration of a perfect Reconcilement was over: See here, my Lord, said FRANKVILLE, giving a Paper to the C O U N T, the occasion of my Rashness, and let my just concern for a Sisters Honour, be at least some little Mitigation of my Temerity, in accosting your Lordship in so rude a Manner. D'ELMONT made no Answer, but looking hastily over the Paper found it contain'd these Words.

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To Monsieur F R A N K V I L L E.

**W**HILE your Sisters Dishonour was known but to few, and the injurious Destroyer of it, out of the reach of your Revenge; I thought it would ill become the Friendship I have always profess'd to your Family, to disquiet you with the Knowledge of a Misfortune, which it was no way in your Power to Redress.

B U T Count D'ELMONT, having, by the Sollicitations of his Friends, and the remembrances of some slight Services, obtain'd a Pardon from the KING, for the Murder of his Wife; has since  
taken



taken but little care to conceal the Reasons which induc'd him to that barbarous Action; and all Paris is now sensible that he made that unhappy Lady's Life a Sacrifice to the more attractive Beauties of MELLIORA in bloody Recompence for the Sacrifice she had before made him of her Virtue.

IN short, the Noble Family of the FRANKVILLES is for ever dishonour'd by this Unfaithful Guardian; and all who wish you well, rejoice to hear that his ill Genius has led him to a place which, if he knew you were at, certainly Prudence wou'd make him of all others most avoid; for none believes you will so far degenerate from the Spirit of your Ancestors, as to permit him to go unpunish'd.

IN finding the Count, you may probably find your Sister too; for tho', after the Death of ALOVYSA, Shame made her retire to a Monastery, she has since privately left it without acquainting the Abbess, or any of the Sisterhood, with her Departure; nor is it known to any one, where, or for what Cause she absconds; but most People imagine, as indeed it is highly reasonable, that the Violence of her guilty Passion for D'ELMONT has engag'd her to follow him.

I am not unsensible how much I shock your Temper by this Relation, but have too much real concern for your Honour to endure you, shou'd, thro' Ignorance of your Wrongs, remain Passive in such a Cause, and perhaps hug the Treacherous Friend in your most strict Embrace: Nor can I forbear, tho' I love not Blood, urging you to take that just Revenge,

*venge, which next to Heaven you have the greatest Claim to.*

I am, Sir, with all due Respect,  
Yours, SANSEVERIN.

THE COUNT swell'd with Indignation at every Paragraph of this Letter; but when he came to that, which mention'd MELLIORA's having withdrawn herself from the Monastery, he seem'd to be wholly abandon'd by his Reason; all Endeavours to represent his Agonies would be vain, and none but those who have felt the same, can have any Notion of what he suffer'd. He read the fatal Scroll again and again, and every time grew wilder than before; he stamp'd, bit his Lips, look'd furiously about him, then, starting from the place where he had stood, measur'd the Room in strange, disorder'd, and unequal Paces; all his Motions, all his Looks, all his Air were nothing but Distraction: He spoke not for some time, one Word, either prevented by the rising Passions in his Soul, or because it was not in the Power of Language to express the Greatness of his Meaning; and when, at last, he open'd his Mouth, it was but to utter half Sentences, and broken Complainings: Is it possible, he cry'd, — gone, — left the Monastery unknown — and then again — false — false Woman? — Wretched — wretched Man! There's no such Thing on Earth as Faith — Is this the Effect of all her tender Passion? — So soon forgot — What can be her Reason? — This Action suits not with her Words, or Letters. In this manner he rav'd with a Thousand such-like Breathings

Breathings of a tormented Spirit, toss'd and confounded between various Sentiments.

*Monsieur* FRANKVILLE stood for a good while silently observing him; and if before, he were not perfectly assur'd of his Innocence, the Agonies he now saw him in, which were too natural to be suspected for Counterfeit, entirely convinc'd him he was so. When the first Gust of Passion was blown over, and he perceiv'd any likelihood of being heard, he said a Thousand tender and obliging Things to persuade him to Moderation, but to very little Effect, 'till finding that, that which gave him the most stinging Reflection was, the Belief that *MELLIORA* had forsook the Monastery, either because she thought of him no more, and was willing to divert her enfranchis'd Inclination with the Gaieties of the Town, or that some happier Man had supplanted him in her Esteem. Judge not, my Lord, (said he) so rashly of my Sister's Fidelity, nor know so little of your own unmatched Perfections, as to suspect that she, who is Blest with your Affection, can consider any other Object as worthy her Regard: For my part, since your Lordship *knows*, and I firmly *believe*, that this Letter contains a great many Untruths, I see no Reason why we should not imagine it all of a piece: I declare I think it much more improbable that she should leave the Monastery, unless solicited thereto by you, than that she had the power to deny you any thing your Passion might request. The Count's Disorder visibly abated at this Remonstrance; and stepping hastily to his Cabinet, he took out the last Letter



he receiv'd from MELLIORA, and found it was dated but two Days before that from *Monſieur* SANSEVERIN; he knew ſhe had not Art, nor was accuſtom'd to endeavour to diſguiſe her Sentiments; and ſhe had written ſo many tender Things in that, as, when he gave himſelf leave to conſider, he could not, without believing her to be either the moſt Diſſembling, or moſt fickle of her Sex, continue in the Opinion which had made him, a few Moments before, ſo uneaſy, that ſhe was no longer, what ſhe always ſubſcrib'd her ſelf, *Entirely His*.

THE Tempeſt of Rage and Grief being hush'd to a little more Tranquillity, *Count D'ELMONT*, to remove all Scruples which might be yet remaining in the Breſt of *Monſieur* FRANKVILLE, entertain'd him with the whole Hiſtory of his Adventures, from the Time of his Gallantry with AMENA, to the Miſfortunes which had induc'd him to Travel, Diſguiſing nothing of the Truth, but ſome part of the Diſcourſes which had paſſ'd between him and MELLIORA that Night when he ſurpriz'd her in her Bed, and in the Wilderneſs: For tho' he freely confeſs'd the Violence of his own unbounded Paſſion, had hurry'd him beyond all Conſiderations but thoſe of gratifying it; yet he was too tender of MELLIORA's Honour, to relate any thing of her, which Modeſty might not acknowledge, without the Expence of a Bluſh.

FRANKVILLE liſtned with abundance of Attention to the Relation he made him, and could find very little in his Conduſt to accuſe: He  
was

was himself too much susceptible of the Power of Love, not to have Compassion for those that suffer'd by it, and had too great a share of good Sense not to know that, that Passion is not to be Circumscrib'd; and being not only, not *Subservient*, but absolutely *Controller* of the *Will*, it would be meer Madness, as well as Ill Nature, to say a Person was Blame-worthy for what was unavoidable.

WHEN Love once becomes in our Power, it ceases to be worthy of that Name; no Man really possess'd with it, *can* be Master of his Actions; and whatever Effects it may Enforce, are no more to be Condemn'd, than Poverty, Sickness, Deformity, or any other Misfortune incident to *Humane Nature*. Methinks there is nothing more absurd than the Notions of some People, who in other Things are wise enough too; but wanting Elegance of Thought, Delicacy, or Tenderness of Soul, to receive the Impression of that harmonious Passion, look on those to be mad, who have any Sentiments elevated above their own, and either Censure, or Laugh, at what they are not refin'd enough to comprehend. These *Inspids*, who know nothing of the Matter, tell us very gravely, that we *ought* to Love with Moderation and Discretion,--and take Care that it is for our Interest,—that we should never place our Affections, but where Duty leads, or at least, where neither Religion, Reputation, or Law, may be a Hindrance to our Wishes. — Wretches! We know all this, as well as they; we know too, that we both do, and leave undone many other Things, which we

ought not; but Perfection is not to be expected on this side the Grave: And since 'tis impossible for Humanity to avoid Frailties of some kind or other, those are certainly least blameable, which spring only from a too great Affluence of the nobler Spirits. *Covetousness, Envy, Pride, Revenge*, are the Effects of an Earthy, Base, and Sordid Nature, *Ambition and Love*, of an Exalted one; and if they are Failings, they are such as plead their own Excuse, and can never want Forgiveness from a generous Heart, provided no indirect Courses are taken to procure the Ends of the *former*, nor Inconstancy, or Ingratitude, stain the Beauty of the *latter*.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* could say, the *COUNT*, tho' not in the Rage of Temper he had been in, was yet very melancholy; which the other perceiving, Alas, my Lord, said he Sighing, if you were sensible of the Misfortunes of others, you would think your own more easy to be born: You Love, and are Belov'd; no Obstacle remains between you and your Desires; but the Formality of Custom, which a little time will Remove, and at your Return to *Paris* you will doubtless be happy, if 'tis in my Sister's Power to make you so: You have a sure Prospect of Felicity to *come*, but mine is *past*, never, I fear, to be retriev'd. What mean you? Cry'd the *COUNT* pretty much surpriz'd at his Words, and the Change which he observ'd in his Countenance; I am in Love! Reply'd He, Belov'd! Nay, have Enjoy'd — Ay, there's the Source of



of my Dispair---I know the Heaven I have lost, and that's my Hell.—The Interest D'ELMONT had in his Concerns, as being Son to the Man who he had loved with a kind of filial Affection, and Brother to the Woman who he ador'd above the World, made him extreamly desirous to know what the Occasion of his Disquiet was, and having exprest himself to that purpose, I shall make no Difficulty, reply'd FRANKVILLE, to Reveal the Secret of my Love, to him who is a Lover, and knows so well, how to pity, and forgive, the Errors which that Passion will sometimes lead us into. The COUNT was too impatient to hear the Relation he was about to give him, to make any other Answer to these Words than with a half Smile; which the other perceiving, without any farther Prelude, began to satisfy his Curiosity in this manner.

*The History of Monsieur FRANKVILLE.*

YOU know, my Lord, said he, that I was Bred at Rheims with my Uncle, the Bishop of that Place, and continu'd with him 'till after, prompted by Glory, and hope of that Renown you have since so Gallantly acquir'd: You left the Pleasures of the Court for the Fatigues and Dangers of the Field: When I came home, I never ceas'd soliciting my Father to permit me to Travel, 'till weary'd with my continual Importunities, and perhaps, not much displeas'd with my Thirst of Improvement, he at last gave leave. I left Paris a little before the Conclusion of the Peace, and by that means remain'd wholly a Stranger to your Lordship's Person,

tho' perfectly acquainted with those admirable Accomplishments which Fame is every-where so full of.

I HAVE been in the Courts of *England, Spain, and Portugal*, but nothing very material happening to me in any of those Places, it would be rather Impertinent, than Diverting, to defer, for Trifles, the main Business of my Life, that of my Love, which had not a Being 'till I came into this City.

I HAD been here but a little Time before I had a great many Acquaintance, among the Number of them, was Signior JACQUES HONORIUS CITTOLINI: He, of all the rest, I was most intimate with; and tho' to the Generality of People he behav'd himself with an Air of Imperiousness, he was to me, all free, and easy; he seem'd as if he took a Pleasure in Obliging me; carry'd me every-where with him; introduc'd me to the best Company: When I was absent he spoke of me, as of a Person who he had the highest Esteem for; and when I was present, if there were any in Company whose rank oblig'd him to place them above me in the Room; he took care to testify that I was not below them in his *Respect*; in fine, he was never more happy than when he was giving me some Proof how much he was my Friend; and I was not a little satisfy'd that a Man of almost twice my Years should believe me qualify'd for his Companion in such a manner as he made me.

W H E N

WHEN the melancholly Account of my Father's Death came to my Ears, he omitted nothing to persuade me to sell my Estate in *France*, and settle in *Rome*; he told me he had a Daughter, whose Heart had been the aim of the chiefest Nobility; but that he wou'd buy my Company at that Price, and to keep me here, wou'd give me her. This Proposition was not altogether so pleasing to me, as perhaps, he imagin'd it wou'd be: I had heard much Talk of this Ladies Beauty, but I had never seen her; and at that Time, Love was little in my Thoughts, especially that sort which was to end in Marriage. However, I wou'd not absolutely refuse his Offer, but evaded it, which I had the better pretence for, because *VIOLETTA*, (so was his Daughter call'd) was gone to *Vitterbo* to Visit a sick Relation, and I cou'd not have the opportunity of seeing her. In the mean time, he made me acquainted with his deepest Secrets; among many other Things he told me, that tho' their Family was one of the greatest in *Rome*, yet by the too great Liberality of his Father, himself and one Sister was left with very little to Support the Grandeur of their Birth; but that his Sister who was acknowledg'd a Woman of an uncommon Beauty, had the good Fortune to appear so, to Signior *Marcarius Fialasco*; he was the possessor of immense Riches, but very Old; but the young Lady found Charms enough in his Wealth to ballance all other Deficiencies; She Married, and Buried him in a Month's Time, and he Dy'd so full of fondness to his lovely



Bride, that he left her Mistress of all he had in the World ; giving only to a Daughter he had by a former Wife, the Fortune which her Mother had brought him, and that too, and herself to be dispos'd of, in Marriage, as this Triumphant Widow should think fit ; and she, like a kind Sister, thought none worthy of that Alliance, but her Brother ; and in a few Days he said, he did not doubt but that I shou'd see him a Bridegroom. I ask'd him if he was happy enough to have made an Interest in the young Lady's Heart ; and he very frankly answer'd, That he was not of a Humour to give himself much uneasiness about it, since it was wholly in his Sisters Power to make him Master of her Person, and she resolv'd to do that, or Confine her in a Monastery for ever. I cou'd not help feeling a Compassionate concern for this Lady, tho' she was a Stranger to me, for I cou'd not believe, so Beautiful and Accomplish'd a Woman, as he had often Describ'd her to be, cou'd find any thing in her design'd Husband which cou'd make this Match agreeable. Nothing can be more different from Graceful, than the Person of CITTOLINI ; he is of a black swarthy Complexion, hook'd Nos'd, wall Ey'd, short of Stature ; and tho' he is very Lean, the worst shap'd Man I ever saw ; then for his Temper, as friendly as he behav'd to me, I discern'd a great deal of Treachery, and Baseness in it to others ; a perpetual Peevishness and Pride appear'd in his Deportment to all those who had any dependance on Him : And I had been told by some who knew him perfectly well, that his cruel Usage of his first Lady had  
been

been the means of her Death ; but this was none of my Business, and tho' I pity'd the Lady, yet my Gratitude to him Engag'd me to wish him Success in all his Undertakings. Till one Day, unluckily both for him and me, as it has since prov'd ; he desir'd me to Accompany him to the House of C I A M A R A, for so is his Sister call'd, being, willing I suppose, that I shou'd be a Witness of the extraordinary State she liv'd in ; and indeed, in all the Courts I had been at, I never saw any thing more Magnificent than her Apartments ; the vast quantity of Plate ; the Richness of the Furniture, and the number of Servants attending on Her, might have made her be taken rather for a Princess, than a private Woman. There was a very noble Collation, and she sat at Table with us, her self, a particular Favour from an *Italian Lady* : She is by many Years younger than her Brother, and extreamly Handsome ; but has I know not what of fierceness in her Eyes, which renders her, at least to me, a Beauty, without a Charm. After the Entertainment, CITTOLINI took me into the Gardens, which were answerable to what I had seen within, full of Curiosities ; at one end there was a little Building of Marble, to which he led me, and entering into it ; see here, *Monsieur*, said he, the Place where my Sister spends the greatest part of her Hours, and tell me if 'tis in this kind of Diversion that the *French Ladies* take Delight. I presently saw it was full of Books, and guess'd those Words were design'd for Satyr on our Ladies, whose disposition to Gallantry seldom affords much time for Reading ; but to make as good a Defence for their Honour as

I was able. *Signior*, reply'd I, it must be confest, that there are very few Ladies of any Nation, who think the *Acquisition* of Knowledge, worth the Pains it must cost them in the *Search*, but that ours is not without some Examples, that all are not of that Mind; our famous *D'anois*, and *D'acier* may evince. Well, Well, interrupted he laughing; the propensity which that Sex bears to Learning is so trifling, that I shall not pretend to hold any Argument on its Praise; nor did I bring you here so much to engage you to Admire my Sisters manner of Amusement, as to give you an Opportunity of diverting your self, while I go to pay a Compliment to my Mistress; who, tho' I have a very great Confidence in you, I dare not trust with the sight of so Accomplish'd a *Chevalier*. With these Words he left me, and I, designing to do as he had desir'd; turn'd to the Shelves to take down what Book I cou'd find most suitable to my Humour; but good God! as I was tumbling them over, I saw thro' a Window which look'd into a Garden behind the Study, tho' both belonging to one Person: A Woman, or rather Angel, coming down a Walk directly opposite to where I was, never did I see in one Person such various Perfections blended, never did any Woman wear so much of her Soul in her Eyes, as did this Charmer: I saw that moment in her Looks, all I have since experienc'd, of her Genius, and her Humour, Wit, Judgment, good Nature and Generosity are in her Countenance, conspicuous as in her Actions; but to go about to make a Description were to wrong her; She has Graces so peculiar, that  
none



none, without knowing her, can be able to conceive ; and tho' nothing can be finer than her Shape, or more regular than her Features ; yet those, our fancy or a *Painters Art* may Copy : There is something so inexpressibly striking in her Air ; such a delightful Mixture of awful and attractive in every little Motion, that no immagination can come up to. But if Language is too poor to paint her Charms, how shall I make you sensible of the Effects of them on me ! the Surprize --- the Love --- the Adoration which this fatal View involv'd me in, but by that which, you say, your self felt at the first Sight of MELLIORA. I was, methought, all Spirit, --- I beheld her with Raptures, such as we imagine Souls enjoy when freed from Earth, they meet each other in the Realms of Glory ; 'twas Heaven to gaze upon her : But Oh ! the Bliss was short, the Envious Trees obscur'd her Lustre from me. --- The Moment I lost Sight of her, I found my *Passion* by my *Pain* ; the *Joy* was vanish'd, but the *Sting* remain'd --- I was so bury'd in Thought, that I never so much as stirr'd a Step to endeavour to discover which way she went ; tho' if I had consider'd the Situation of the Place, it would have been easy for me to have known there was a Communication between the two Gardens, and if I had gone but a few Paces out of the Study, must have met her ; but Love had for the present depriv'd me of my Sences ; and it but just enter'd into my Head that there was a Possibility of renewing my Happiness when I perceiv'd CITTOLINI returning. When he came pretty near ; Dear FRANKVILLE, said he,

he, pardon my Neglect of you; but I have been at CAMILLA's Apartment, and am told she is in the lower Garden; I will but speak to her; snatch a Kiss and be with you again: He went hastily by me without staying for any Answer, and it was well he did so, for the Confusion I was in, had made me little able to reply. His Words left me no room to hope it was any other than CAMILLA I had seen, and the Treachery I was guilty of to my Friend, in but wishing to invade his Right, gave me a Remorse which I had never known before: But these Reflections lasted not long; Love generally exerts himself on these Occasions, and is never at a Loss for means to remove all the Scruples that may be rais'd to oppose him. Why, said I to myself, should I be thus Tormented? She is not yet married, and 'tis almost impossible she can with Satisfaction, ever yield to be so, to him. Could I but have opportunity to Talk to her,--to let her know my Passion,--to endeavour to deliver her from the Captivity she is in, perhaps she would not condemn my Temerity: I found a great deal of Pleasure in this Thought, but I was not suffer'd to enjoy it long: Honour suggested to me, that CITTOLINI Lov'd me, had Oblig'd me, and that to supplant him would be Base and Treacherous: But would it not be more so, cry'd the Dictates of my Love, to permit the Divine CAMILLA to fall a Sacrifice to one so every way undeserving of her; one who 'tis likely she abhors; one who despises her Heart, so he may but possess her Fortune to support his Pride, and her Person to gratify a Passion far unworthy of the Name of Love; one,  
who

who 'tis probable, when Master of the one, and satiated with the other, may treat her with the utmost Inhumanity. Thus, for a time, were my Thoughts at Strife; but Love at length got the Victory, and I had so well compos'd myself before CITTOLINI's Return, that he saw nothing of the Disorder I had been in; but it was not so with him, his Countenance, at the best displeasing enough, was now the perfect Representative of Ill Nature, Malice, and Discontent. CAMILLA had assur'd him, that nothing could be more her Aversion, and that she was resolv'd, tho' a Monastick Life was what she had no Inclination to, yet she would fly to that Shelter, to avoid his Bed. You may imagine, my Lord, I was Transported with an Excess of Joy, when he told me this; but Love taught me to dissemble it, 'till I had taken leave of him, which I made an Excuse to do, as soon as possible.

Now all that troubled me was to find an Opportunity to declare my Passion; and, I confess, I was so dull in Contrivance, that tho' it took up all my Thoughts, none of them were to any purpose: Three or four Days I spent in fruitless Projections, the last of which I met with a new Embarrassment; CITTOLINI's Daughter was return'd, he renew'd his Desires of making me his Son, and invited me the next Evening to his House, where I was to be entertain'd with the Sight of her; I could not well avoid giving him my Promise to be there, but resolv'd in my Mind to behave myself in such a manner as should make her disapprove of me.

While



While I was thus busied in Contriving how to avoid VIOLETTA, and engage CAMILLA, a Woman wrapt up very closely in her Vail came to my Lodgings, and brought me a Note, in which I found these Words.



To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

**M**<sup>T</sup> Father is resolv'd to make me Tours; and if he has your Consent, mine will not be demanded; he has Commanded me to receive you to-morrow, but I have a particular Reason to desire to see you sooner; I am to pass this Night with CAMILLA at my Aunt Ciamara's; there is a little Wicket that opens from the Garden, directly opposite to the Convent of Sir Francis, if you will favour me so far as to come there at Ten a Clock to Night, and give Seven gentle Knocks at the Gate: You shall know the Cause of my Entreating this private Interview, which is of more Moment than the Life of

VIOLETTA.

NEVER had I been more pleasingly surpriz'd, than at the Reading these Lines; I could not imagine the Lady could have any other Reason for seeing me in private, than to confess that her Heart was pre-engag'd, and dissuade me from taking the Advantage of her Father's Authority, a secret Hope too, sprung within my Soul, that my Adorable CAMILLA might be with her; and after I had dismiss'd the Wo-

man,

man, with an Assurance that I would attend her Lady, I spent my Time in vast Idea's of approaching Happiness 'till the appointed Hour arriv'd.

BUT how great was my Disappointment, when being admitted, I cou'd distinguish tho', the Place was very dark, that I was receiv'd but by one and accosted by her, in a manner very different from what I expected: I know not, *Monsieur*, said she, how you interpret this Freedom I have taken; but whatever we pretend, our Sex, of all Indignities, can the least support those done to our Beauty; I am not vain enough of mine, to assure my self of making a Conquest of your Heart; and if the World should know you have seen, and refus'd me, my slighted Charms would be the Theme of *Mirth* to those whose *Envy* now they are: I therefore beg, that if I am dislik'd, none but my self may know it; when you have seen my Face, which you shall do immediately, give me your Opinion freely; and if it is not to my Advantage, make some pretence to my Father to avoid coming to our House. I protest to you, my Lord, that I was so much surpriz'd at this odd kind of proceeding, that I knew not presently how to Reply, which she imagining by my Silence: Come, come, *Monsieur*, said she, I am not yet on even Terms with you, having often seen your Face, and you wholly a Stranger to mine: But when our Knowledge of each other is Mutual, I hope you will be as free in your Declaration as I have been in my Request. These Words I thought were as proper for my Purpose as I cou'd wish, and drawing back a little, as she was about to lead me,

me: Madam, said I, since you have that Advantage, methinks, it were but just, you shou'd reveal what sort of Sentiments the sight of me has inspir'd, for I have too much Reason from the knowledge of my Demerit, to fear, you have no other design in exposing your Charms, than to Triumph in the Captivating a Heart you have already doom'd to Misery; I will tell you nothing, answer'd she, of my Sentiments 'till I have a perfect knowledge of yours. As she spoke this, she gave me her Hand to conduct me out of that Place of Darkness; as we went, I had all the Concern at the apprehension of being too much approv'd of by this young Lady, as I shou'd have had for the contrary, if I had imagin'd who it was I had been talking with, for as soon as we came out of the Grotto, I saw by the light of the Moon, which shone that Night with an uncommon Lustre, the Face which in those Gardens had before so Charm'd me, and which had never since been absent from my Thoughts. What Joy, what a mixture of Extacy and Wonder, then fill'd my raptur'd Soul at this second view, at first I cou'd not trust my Eyes, or think my Happiness was real: I gaz'd, and gaz'd again in silent Transport, for the big Bliss surpass'd the reach of Words. What *Monsieur*, said she, observing my Confusion, are you yet Dumb, is there any thing so dreadful in the form of VIOLETTA, to deprive you of your Speech. No Madam, reply'd I, 'tis not VIOLETTA has that Power, but she, who unknowing that she did so, caught at first sight the Victory o're my Soul, she, for whom I have vented so many Sighs; she for whom

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I languish'd and almost Dy'd for ; while VIO-  
 LETTA was at *Viterbo*: She! the Divine CA-  
 MILLA only cou'd inspire a Passion such as  
 mine ;—Oh Heavens ! cry'd she, and at that in-  
 stant I perceiv'd her lovely Face all crimson'd  
 o're with Blushes ; is it then possible that you  
 know me, have seen me before, and that I have  
 been able to make any Impression on you ? I  
 then told her of the Visit I had made to CI-  
 AMARA with CITTOLINI, and how by  
 his leaving me in the Marble-Study, I was blest  
 with the sight of Her ; and from his Friend be-  
 came his Rival : I let her know the Conflicts  
 my Honour and my Obligations to CITTOLI-  
 NI had engag'd me in ; the thousand various  
 Inventions Love had suggested to me, to ob-  
 tain that Happiness I now enjoy'd, the oppor-  
 tunity of declaring my self her Slave ; and in  
 short, conceal'd not the least Thought tending  
 to my Passion from Her. She, in requital, ac-  
 quainted me, that she had often seen me from  
 her Window, go into the Convent of St *Francis*,  
 walking in the *Collonade* at St. *Peter's*, and in se-  
 veral other Places, and, prompted by an extrava-  
 gance of good Nature, and Generosity, con-  
 fess'd, that her Heart felt something at those  
 Views, very prejudicial to her Repose: That  
 CITTOLINI, always, disagreeable, was now  
 grown Odious ; that the Discourse she had heard  
 of my intended Marriage with his Daughter,  
 had given her an alarm impossible to be ex-  
 press'd, and that, unable longer to support the  
 Pangs of undiscover'd Passion, she had writ to  
 me in that Ladies Name, who she knew I had  
 never seen, resolving, if I lik'd her as VIO-  
 LETTA,

LETTA, to own her self CAMILLA, if not, to go the next Day to a Monastery, and devote to Heaven those Charms which wanted force to make a Conquest where alone she wish'd they shou'd.

I MUST leave it to your Lordship's imagination to conceive the wild tumultuous hurry of disorder'd Joy which fill'd my ravish'd Soul at this Condescension; for I am now as unable to discribe it, as I was then to Thank the Dear, the tender Author of it, but what *Words* had not Power to do, *Looks* and *Actions* testified: I threw my self at her Feet, Embrac'd her Knees, and kiss'd the Hand she rais'd me with, with such a Fervor, as no false Love cou'd feign; while she, all Softness, all divinely Kind, yielded to the pressure of my glowing Lips, and suffer'd me to take all the freedom, which Honour and Modesty wou'd permit. This interview was too felicitous to be easily broken off, it was almost broad Day when we parted, and nothing but her Promise, that I shou'd be admitted the next Night, cou'd have enabled me to take leave of her.

I WENT away highly satisfy'd, as I had good Reason, with my Condition, and after recollecting all the tender Passages of our Conversation; I began to consider after what manner I shou'd proceed with CITTOLINI, to Visit and Address his Daughter; I thought wou'd be Treacherous and Deceitful to the last degree; and how to come off, after the Promise I made of seeing her that Evening, I cou'd not  
tell;

tell ; at last, since Necessity oblig'd me to one, I resolv'd of the two Evils to chuse the least, and rather to seem *Rude*, then *Base*, which I must have been, had I by counterfeiting a Desire to engage *VIOLETTA*, left room for a possibility of creating one in her. I therefore, writ to *CITTOLINI* an Excuse for not waiting on Him and his Daughter, as I had promis'd, telling him that I, on more serious Reflection found it wholly inconsistent, either with my Circumstances, or Inclinations, to think of passing all my Life in *Rome* ; that I thank'd him for the Honour he intended me, but that it was my Misfortune, not to be capable of accepting it. Thus, with all the Artifice I was Master of, I endeavour'd to sweeten the bitter Pill of Refusal, but in vain ; for he was so much Disgusted at it, that he visited me no more : I cannot say, I had Gratitude enough to be much Concern'd at being compell'd to use him in this Fashion ; for, since I had beheld, and Ador'd *CAMILLA*, I cou'd consider him no longer as a Friend, but as the most dangerous Enemy to my Hopes and me. All this time I spent the best part of the Nights with *CAMILLA*, and in one of them, after giving, and receiving a thousand Vows of ever-lasting Faith, I snatch'd a lucky Moment, and obtain'd from the Dear, melting Charmer, all that my Fondest, and most eager Wishes cou'd aspire to. Yes, my Lord, the Soft, the trembling Fair, dissolv'd in Love ; yielded without Reserve, and met my Transports with an equal Ardor ; and I truly protest to your Lordship, that what in others, palls Desire, added fresh Force to mine ; the



more I knew, the more I was Inflam'd, and in the highest Raptures of Enjoyment, the Bliss was dash'd with Fears, which prov'd alafs, but too Prophetick, that some curst Chance might drive me from my Heaven : Therefore, to secure it mine for ever, I press'd the lovely Partner of my Joys, to give me leave to bring a Priest with me the next Night ; who by giving a Sanction to our Love, might put it past the Power of Malice to Disunite us : Here, I experienc'd the greatness of her Soul, and her almost unexampled Generosity ; for in spite of all her Love, her Tendernefs, and the unbounded Condescensions she had made me, it was with all the difficulty in the World, that I perswaded her to think of Marrying me without a Fortune ; which by her Father's *Will*, was wholly in the Disposal of C I A M A R A, who it wou'd have been Madness to Hope, wou'd ever bestow it upon me. However, my Arguments at last prevail'd ; I was to bring a Fryar of the Order of St, *Francis*, who was my intimate Friend, the next Night to join our Hands ; which done, she told me, she wou'd advise to leave *Rome* with what speed we cou'd , for she doubted not but C I T T O L I N I wou'd make use of any means, tho' never so Base or Bloody, to Revenge his Disappointment. This Proposal infinitely pleas'd me, and after I had taken leave of her, I spent the remainder of the Night, in contriving the means of our Escape : Early in the Morning I secur'd Post-Horses, and then went to the Convent of St. *Francis*, a Purse of *Lewis D'ors* soon engag'd the Fryar to my Interest, and I had every thing ready in wonderful Order, considering

considering the shortness of the Time, for our Design : When returning Home towards Evening, as well to take a little rest after the Fatigue I had, had, as to give some other necessary Directions, concerning the Affair to my Servants, when one of them gave me a Letter, which had been just left for me.

*Monsieur* FRANKVILLE cou'd not come to this Part of his Story, without some Sighs, but suppressing them as well as he was able, he took some Papers out of his Pocket, and singling out one, read to the Count as follows.

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To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

WITH what Words can I represent the greatness of my Misfortune, or Exclaim against the Perfidy of my Woman ? I was oblig'd to make her the Confidant of my Passion, because without her Assistance, I cou'd not have enjoy'd the Happiness of your Conversation, and 'tis by her that I am now Betray'd—Undone,—Lost to all hopes of ever seeing you more—What have I not endur'd this Day, from the upbraidings of CIAMARA and CITTOLINI, but that I shou'd dispise, nay, my own Ruin too, if you were safe—But Oh ! their Malice aims to wound me most, through you—Bravo's are hir'd, the Price of your Blood is paid, and they have sworn to take your Life—Guard it I conjure you, if you wou'd preserve that of CAMILLA's—Attempt not to come near this House, nor walk alone, when Night

*may be an Umbrage to their Designs. — I hear my cruel Enemies returning to renew their Persecutions, and I have Time to inform you no more, than that 'tis to the Generous VIOLETTA you are indebted for this Caution : She, in pity of my Agonies; and to prevent her Father from executing the Crime he intends ; conveys this to you, slight it not, if you would have me believe you Love,*

CAMILLA.

WHAT a turn was here (continu'd he, sadly) in my Fortune? How on a sudden was my Scene of Happiness chang'd to the blackest Dispair?—But not to tire your Lordship, and spin out my Narration, which is already too long with unavailing Complaining. I every Day expected a Challenge from CITTOLINI, believing he wou'd, at least, take that Method at first, but it seems he was for chusing the *surest*, not the *fairest* way : And I have since prov'd, that my Dear CAMILLA had too much Reason for the Caution she gave me. Ten Days I lingred out without being able to Invent any means, either to see her, or write to Her ; at the end of which, I receiv'd another Letter from Her, which, if I were to tell you the Substance of, wou'd be to wrong her ; since no Words but her own are fit to Express her meaning; and 'tis for that Reason only, I shall Read it.



To



## To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

**O**F all the Woes which wait on humane Life, sure there is none Equal to that a Lover feels in Absence; 'tis a kind of Hell, an earnest of those Pains, we are told, shall be the Portion of the Damn'd — Ten whole Nights, and Days, according to the vulgar Reckoning, but in mine, as many Ages, have roll'd their tedious Hours away sincelast I saw you, in all which time my Eyes have never known one Moments cessation from my Tears, nor my sad Heart from Anguish; restless I wander thro' this bated House — Kiss the clos'd Wicket — stop, and look at every Place which I remember thy dear steps have blest, then, with wild Ravings, think of past Joys, and curse my present Woes — yet, you perhaps are Calm, no sympathizing Pang invades your Soul, and tells you what mine suffers, else, you wou'd — you must have found some Means to ease your self and me — 'tis true, I bid you not attempt it — but Oh! If you had lov'd like me, you cou'd not have obey'd — Desire has no regard to Prudence, it despises Danger, and over-looks even Impossibilities — but whether am I going? — I say, I know not what — Oh, mark not what Distraction utters! Shun these detested Walls! — 'tis Reason now commands! fly from this House, where injur'd Love's enslav'd, and Death and Treachery reign — I charge thee come not near, nor prove thy Faith so hazardous a way — forgive the little Fears, which ever dwell with Love — I know thou art all sincerity! — all godlike Truth, and can'st not change, — yet, if thou shouldst, — tormenting Thought!

*Why then, there's not a Heaven-abandon'd Wretch,  
so Lost----so Curst as I.——What shall I do to shake  
off Apprehension? in spite of all thy Vows——thy  
ardent Vows, when I but think of any Maid, by Love,  
and fond Belief undone, a deadly cold runs thro' my  
Veins, congeals my Blood, and chills my very Soul!—  
Gazing on the Moon last Night, her Lustre brought  
fresh to my Memory those transporting Moments,  
when by that Light I saw you first a Lover; and, I  
think Inspired me, who am not usually fond of Ver-  
sifying to make her this Complaint.*



**The Unfortunate C A M I L L A ' S**  
Complaint to the *Moon*, for the Absence  
of her Dear HENRICUS FRANKVILLE.

*Mild Queen of Shades! Thou sweetly shining Light!  
Once, more then Phœbus, welcome to my Sight:  
'Twas by thy Beams I first HENRICUS saw  
Adorn'd with softness, and disarm'd of Awe!  
Never did'st thou appear more fair! more bright!  
Than on that Dear, that Cause-remembered Night!  
When the dull Tyes of Friendship he disclaim'd,  
And to Inspire a tend'rer Passion aimed:  
Alas! he cou'd not long, in vain, implore  
For that, which tho' unknown, was his before;  
Nor bad I Art the Secret to Disguise,  
My Soul spoke all her Meaning thro' my Eyes,  
And every Glance bright'ned with glad Surprise!*

} *Lost*

Lost to all Thought, but His Transporting Charms,  
 I sunk, unguarded! Melting in his Arms!  
 Blest at that lavish rate, my State, that Hour  
 I'd not have Chang'd for all in fortune's Pow'r,  
 Nay, had descending Angel's from on High  
 Spread their bright Wings, to waft me to the Sky,  
 Thus clasp'd! Cœlestial Charms had fail'd to move  
 And Heav'n been slighted, for HENRICUS Love.  
 How did I then thy happy Influence Bless?  
 How watch each joyful Night, thy Lights encrease?  
 But Oh! How alter'd since—Dispairing now,  
 I View thy Lustre with contracted Brow :  
 Pensive, and sullen from thy Rays wou'd hide,  
 And scarce the glimmering Star's my Grievs abide,  
 In Death-like darkness wou'd my Fate deplore  
 And wish Thee to go down, to Rise no more!

PITT the Extravagance of a Passion which only  
 Charms like thine cou'd Create, nor too severely  
 chide this soft Impertinence, which I cou'd not re-  
 frain sending you, when I can neither see you, nor  
 hear from you, to write, gives some little respite  
 to my Pains, because I am sure of being in your  
 Thoughts, while you are Reading my Letters. The  
 tender Hearted VIOLETTA preferring the  
 Tyes of Friendship to those of Duty, gives me this  
 happy opportunity, but my Ill-fortune deprives me too  
 of her, she goes to Morrow to her Fathers VILLA,  
 and Heaven knows when I shall find means to send  
 to you again.

Farewel, thou Loveliest, Dearest, and Divine  
 Charmer——Think of me with a Concern full of  
 Tenderness, but that is not enough; and you must  
 pardon



pardon me, when I confess, that I cannot forbear wishing you might feel some of those Pains, impatient longings bring. — All others be far away, as far, as Joy is, when you are Absent from

Your Unfortunate

CAMILLA.

P. S. Since I writ this, a Fancy came into my Head, that if you cou'd find a Friend Trusty enough to confide in, and one unknown to our Family, he might gain admittance to me in CITTOLINI'S Name, as sent by him, while he is at the VILLA. I flatter my self you will take as much pleasure in endeavouring to let me hear from you, as I do in the hope of it. Once more Adieu.

YOUR Lordship may judge, by what I have told you of the Sincerity of my Passion, how glad I should have been to have comply'd with her Request, but it was utterly impossible to find any body fit for such a Business: I pass'd three or four Days more, in Disquietudes too great to be express'd; I saunter'd up and down the Street where she liv'd, in hopes to see her at some of the Windows, but Fortune never was so favourable to me, thus I spent my Days, and left the sight of those dear Walls at Nights, but in obedience to the Charge she had given me of preserving my Life.

THUS, my Lord, has the business of my Love engrossed my hours, ever since your Lordships

ships arrival, and tho' I heard that you were here, and extreamly wish'd to kiss your Hands, yet I cou'd never get one Moment compos'd enough to wait on you in, 'till what my Desires cou'd not do, the rashness of my indignation Effected: Last Night, being at my Bankers where all my Bills and Letters are Directed, I found this, from *Monsieur SANSEVERIN*, the Rage which the Contents of it put me in, kept me from remembring that Circumspection, which *CAMILIA* had enjoyn'd, and I thought of nothing but revenging the injury I imagin'd you had done me: As I was coming Home I was attack'd as you saw, when you so generously preserv'd me, the just Indignation I conceiv'd at this base procedure of *CITTOLINI*'s transported me so far, as to make me forget what I owed to my Deliverer, to run in pursuit of those who assaulted me, but soon lost sight of them, and returning, as Gratitude and Honour call'd me, to seek, and thank you for your timely Assistance, I found a Throng of People about the Body of the Villian I had killed, some of them were for Examining me, but finding no wounds about me, nor any marks of the Engagement I had been in, I was left at my Liberty.

THUS, my Lord, have I given you, in as brief a manner as the Changes of my fortune wou'd permit, the Account of my present melancholly Circumstances, in which, if you find many things blameable, you must acknowledge there are more which require Compassion.

now you hadt bidst I hadt bidst Javins equal  
 I SEE no reason, answer'd the Count, either  
 for the one or the other, you have done nothing  
 but what any Man, who is a Lover, wou'd  
 gladly have it in his Power to do, and as for  
 your Condition it certainly is more to be envy'd  
 than pity'd: The Lady Loves, is Constant, and  
 doubtless will some way or other, find means for  
 her Escape,—Impossible! cry'd FRANKVILLE,  
 interrupting him, she is too strictly watch'd to  
 suffer such a Hope. If you will prepare a Let-  
 ter, resum'd D'ELMONT, my self will under-  
 take to be the Bearer of it; I am intirely a  
 stranger to the People you have been speaking  
 of, or if I should chance to be known to them,  
 cannot be suspected to come from you, since our  
 Intimacy, so lately born, cannot yet be talk'd  
 of, to the prejudice of our Design; and how do  
 you know, continu'd he smiling, but, if I have  
 the good Fortune to be introduc'd to this Lady,  
 that I shall not be able to assist her Invention  
 to form some Scheme, for both your future Hap-  
 piness. This offer was too agreeable to be re-  
 fus'd, FRANKVILLE accepted it with all the  
 demonstrations of Gratitude and Joy immagi-  
 nable, and setting himself down to the Count's  
 Scrutore, was not long Writing the following  
*Billet* which he gave him to read before he seal'd  
 it.





To the most Lovely and Adorable

CAMILLA.

**I**F to consume with inward Burnings, to have no Breath but Sighs, to wish for Death, or Madness to relieve me, from the racks of Thought, be Misery consummate, such is mine! and yet my too unjust CAMILLA thinks I feel no Pain, and chides my cold Tranquility, could I be so, I were indeed a Wretch deserving of my Fate, but far unworthy of your Pity or Regard. No, no, thou Loveliest, Softest, most angelic Creature that Heaven, in lavish Bounty, ever sent to charm the adoring World; he that could know one Moments stupid Calm in such an Absence, ought never to be blest with those unbounded Joys thy Presence brings: What wou'd I not give, what wou'd I not hazard but once more to behold thee, to gaze upon thy Eyes, those Suns of kindling Transports, to touch thy enlivening Hand, to feed upon the ravishing sweetness of thy Lips; Oh the imagination's Extacy, Life were too poor to set on such a Cast, and you shou'd long e're this have prov'd the little Value I have for it, in competition with my Love, if your Commands had not restrain'd me. CITTOLINI's Malice, however, had last Night been Gratify'd, if the Noble Count D'ELMONT had not been inspir'd for my Preservation, it is to him I am indebted, not only for my Life, but a much greater Favour, that of conveying to you the Assurance, how much my Life, my Soul, and all the faculties of it are eternally Yours. Thank him, my CAMILLA, for your FRANKVILLE, for Words like thine are only fit to Praise, as it deserves

deserves, such an exalted Generosity; 'tis with an infinite deal of Satisfaction I reflect how much thy Charms will justify my Conduct when he sees thee, all that excess of Passion, which my fond Souls too full of to conceal, that highth of Adoration, which offer'd to any other Woman wou'd be Sacrilege, the wonders of thy Beauty and thy Wit, claim as their due, and prove CAMILLA, like Heaven, can never be too much Reverenc'd! be too much Lov'd!— But, Oh! how poor is Language to express what 'tis I think, thus Raptur'd with thy Idea, thou Best—thou Brightest—thou most Perfect—thou something more than Excellence itself—thou far surpassing all that Words can speak, or Heart, unknowing thee, conceive, yet I cou'd dwell for ever on the Theme, and swell whole Volumes with enervate, tho' well-meaning Praises, if my Impatience, to have what I have already writ, be with you, did not prevent my saying any more than, that but in you I live, nor cou'd support this Death-like absence, but for some little intervals of Hope, which sometimes flatter me, that Fortune will grow weary of persecuting me, and one Day re-unite my Body to my Soul and make us both inseparably Yours,

FRANKVILLE.

THESE new made Friends having a fellow-feeling of each others Sufferings, as proceeding from one Source, pass'd the time in little else but amorous Discourses, till it was a proper Hour for the COUNT to perform his Promise, and taking a full Direction from FRANKVILLE how to find the House, he left him at

his

his Lodgings to wait his return from CIAMARA's, forming, all the way he went, a thousand Projects to communicate to CAMILLA for her Escape, he was still extreamly uneasy in his Mind concerning MELLIORA, and long'd to be in *Paris* to know the Truth of that Affair, but thought he cou'd not in Honour leave her Brother in this Embarrassment, and resolv'd to make use of all his Wit and Address to perswade CAMILLA to hazard every thing for Love, and was not a little pleas'd with the imagination, that he should lay so considerable an obligation on MELLIORA, as this Service to her Brother wou'd be. Full of these reflections he found himself in the *Portico* of that magnificent House he was to enter, and seeing a Crowd of Servants about the Door, desir'd to be brought to the presence of *Donna CAMILLA FIALASO*, one of them, immediately conducted him into a stately Room, and leaving him there, told him, the Lady shou'd be made acquainted with his Request; presently after came in a Woman, who, tho' very Young, seem'd to be in the nature of a *Duenna*, the Count stood with his Back toward her as she enter'd, but hearing somebody behind him, and turning hastily about, he observ'd she startled at sight of him, and appear'd so confus'd that he knew not what to make of her Behaviour, and when he ask'd if he might speak with CAMILLA, and said he had a Message to deliver from CITTOLINI, she made no other Answer than several times, with an amaz'd Accent, Ecchoing the names of CAMILLA and CITTOLINI, as if not able to comprehend his meaning; he was oblig'd to repeat his Words  
over



over and over before she cou'd recollect herself enough to tell him, that she wou'd let him know her Lady's pleasure instantly. She left him in a good deal of Consternation, at the Surprise he perceiv'd the Sight of him had put her into, he form'd a thousand uncertain GuesSES what the occasion shou'd be, but the Mystery was too deep for all his Penetration to fathom, and he waited with abundance of Impatience for her return, or the appearance of her Lady, either, of which, he hop'd, might give a Solution to this seeming Riddle.

HE attended a considerable time, and was beginning to grow excessive uneasy, at this Delay, when a magnificent *Anti-porta* being drawn up, he saw, thro' a Glass Door, which open'd into a Gallery, the *Duenna* approaching. She had now entirely compos'd her Countenance, and with an obliging Smile told him, she wou'd conduct him to her Lady. She led him thro' several Rooms, all richly furnish'd and adorn'd, but far inferior to the last he came into, and in which he was again left alone, after being assur'd that he should not long be so.

COUNT D'ELMONT cou'd not forbear giving Truce to his more serious Reflections, to admire the Beauties of the Place he was in, where e'er he turn'd his Eyes, he saw nothing but what was splendidly Luxurious, and all the Ornaments contriv'd in such a manner, as might fitly be a Pattern, to paint the Palace of the Queen of Love by : The Ceiling was vastly high and beautify'd with most curious Paintings,  
the

Walls were cover'd with Tapestry, in which, most artificially were woven, in various colour'd Silk, intermix'd with Gold and Silver, a great number of Amorous Stories; in one Place he beheld a Naked *Venus* sporting with *Adonis*; in another, the Love-transform'd *Jupiter*, just resuming his Shape, and rushing to the Arms of *Leda*; there, the seeming Chast *Diana* Embracing her entranc'd *Endimion*; here, the God of soft Desires himself, wounded with an Arrow of his own, and snatching Kisses from the no less enamour'd *Pfiche*: betwixt every one of these Pieces hung a large Looking-Glass, which reach'd to the top of the Room, and out of each sprung several crystal Branches, containing great Wax-Tapers, so that the number of Lights vy'd with the Sun, and made another, and more glorious Day, than that which lately was withdrawn. At the upper End of this magnificent Chamber, there was a Canopy of Crimson Velvet, richly emboss'd, and trim'd with Silver, the Corners of which were supported by two golden *Cupids*, with stretch'd out Wings, as if prepar'd to fly; two of their Hands grasp'd the extremity of the *Valen*, and the other, those nearest to each other, joyn'd to hold a wreath of Flowers, over a Couch, which stood under the Canopy. But tho' the Count was very much taken at first with what he saw, yet he was too true a Lover to be long delighted with any thing in the absence of his Mistress: How Heavenly (said he to himself Sighing) wou'd be this Place, if I expected MELLIORA here! But Oh! how preferable were a Cottage blest with her, to all this Pomp and Grandeur

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with

with any other ; this Consideration threw him into a deep Musing, which made him forget either where he was, or the Business which brought him there, till rous'd from it by the dazzling Owner of this sumptuous Apartment ; nothing could be more glorious than her Appearance ; she was by Nature, a Woman of a most excellent Shape, to which, her desire of Pleasing, had made her add all the aids of Art ; she was drest in a Gold and Silver stuff Petticoat, and a Waistcoat of plain blue Sattin, set round the Neck and Sleeves, and down the Seams with Diamonds, and fastned on the Breast, with Jewels of a prodigious largeness and lustre ; a Girdle of the same encompass'd her Waste ; her Hair, of which she had great quantity, was black as Jet, and with a studied Negligence, fell part of it on her Neck in careless Ringlets, and the other was turn'd up, and fasten'd here and there with Bodkins, which had pendant Diamonds hanging to 'em, and as she mov'd, glittered with a quivering Blaze, like Stars darting their fires from out a sable Sky ; she had a Vail on, but so thin, that it did not, in the least, obscure the shine of her Garments, or her Jewels, only she had contriv'd to double that part of it which hung over her Face, in so many folds, that it serv'd to conceal her as well as a *Vizard* Mask.

THE Count made no doubt but this was the Lady for whom he waited, and throwing off that melancholly Air he had been in, assum'd one, all Gay and Easy, and bowing low, as he advanc'd to meet her ; Madam, said he, if you  
are



are that incomparable CAMILLA whose Goodness, nothing but her Beauty can equalize, you will forgive the intrusion of a Stranger, who confesses himself no other way worthy of the Honour of your Conversation, but by his Desires to serve him who is much more so: A Friend of CITTOLINI's, answer'd she, can never want admittance here, and if you had no other Plea, the Name you come in, is a sufficient Warrant for your kind Reception: I hope, resum'd he, in a low Voice, and looking round to see if there were no Attendants in hearing, I bring a Letter from FRANKVILLE, Madam, the adoring FRANKVILLE, I have these Credentials to justify my Visit; in speaking this he deliver'd the Letter to her, which she retiring a few Paces from him to read, gave him an Opportunity of admiring the Majesty of her Walk, and the agreeable loftiness of her Mein, much more than he had time to do before.

SHE dwelt not long on the Contents of the Letter, but throwing it carelessly down on a Table which stood near her, turn'd to the Count, and with an Accent which express'd not much Satisfaction; and was it to you, my Lord, said she, that *Monsieur* FRANKVILLE ow'd his Preservation? I was so happy, reply'd he, to have some little hand in it, but since I have known how dear he is to you, think my self doubly blest by Fortune for the means of acting any thing conducive to your Peace: If you imagine that this is so, resum'd she hastily, you are extreamly mistaken, as you will always be, when you believe, where Count D'ELMONT ap-

pears, any other Man seems worthy the regard of a discerning Woman, but, continu'd she, perceiving he look'd surpriz'd, to spare your suspense, and my self the trouble of repeating what you know already, behold who she is, you have been talking to, and tell me now, if FRANKVILLE has any Interest in a Heart to which this Face belongs? with these Words she threw off her Vail, and instead of lessening his Amazement, very much encreas'd it; in discovering the Features of the Lady, with whom he had discoursed the Night before in the Garden: He knew not what to think, or how to reconcile to Reason, that CAMILLA, who so lately lov'd, and had granted the highest Favours to FRANKVILLE shou'd on a sudden be willing, uncourted, to bestow them on another, nor cou'd he comprehend how the same Person shou'd at once live in two several Places, for he conceiv'd the House he was in, was far distant from the Garden which he had been in the Night before.

THEY both remain'd for some Moments in a profound Silence, the Lady expecting when the Count shou'd speak, and he endeavouring to recollect himself enough to do so, till she, at last, possibly guessing at his Thoughts, resum'd her Discourse in this manner: My Lord, said she, wonder not at the Power of Love, a Form like yours might soften the most rugged Heart, much more one, by Nature so tender as is mine. — Think but what you are, continu'd she sighing, and making him sit down by her on the Couch, and you will easily excuse whatever my Passion may enforce me to commit. I must confess,  
Madam,

Madam, answer'd he very gravely, I never in my Life wanted presence of mind so much as at this juncture, to see before me here, the Person, who, I believ'd, liv'd far from hence, who, by Appointment, I was to wait on this Night at a different Place.—To find in the Mistress of my Friend, the very Lady, who seems unworthily to have bestow'd her Heart on me, are Circumstances so Incoherent as I can neither account for, or make evident to *Reason*, tho' they are too truly so to *Sense*: It will be easy, reply'd she, to reconcile both of these seeming Contradictions, when you shall know that the Gardens belonging to this House, are of a very large Extent, and not only that, but the turning of the Streets are so order'd, as make the Distance between the fore and back Door appear much greater than really it is; and for the other, as I have already told you, you ought to be better acquainted with your self, than to be surpriz'd at Consequences which must infallibly attend such Charms, in saying this, she turn'd her Head a little on one side, and put her Handkerchief before her Face, affecting to seem Confus'd at what she spoke; but the Count redned in good Earnest, and with a Countenance which express'd Sentiments, far different from those she endeavour'd to Inspire: Madam, said he, tho' the good Opinion you have of me is owing entirely to the *Error* of your *Fancy*, which too often, especially in your Sex, blinds the *Judgment*, yet, 'tis certain, that there are not many Men, whom such Praises, coming from a Mouth like yours, wou'd not make Happy and Vain; but if I was ever of a Humour to be so, it is now



wholly mortify'd in me, and 'tis but with the utmost regret, that I must receive the Favours you confer on me to the prejudice of my Friend: And is that, interrupted she hastily, is that the *only* Cause? does nothing but your Friendship to FRANKVILLE prevent my Wishes? That, of itself, answer'd he, were a sufficient Bar to sunder us for ever, but there's another, if not a greater, a more tender one, which, to restore you to the Path, which Honour, Gratitude, and Reason call you to, I must inform you of, yes, I must tell you, Madam, all lovely as you are, that were there no such Man as FRANKVILLE, in the World. — Were you as free as Air, I have a defence within, which all your Charms can never pierce, nor softness melt — I am already bound, not with the weak Tyes of Vows or formal Obligations, which confine no farther than the Body, but Inclination! — the fondest Inclination! that ever swell'd a *Heart* with Rapturous Hopes: The Lady had much ado to contain herself till he had done speaking, she was by Nature extreamly Haughty, Insolent of her Beauty, and impatient of any thing she thought look'd like a slight of it, and this open Defiance of *her* Power, and acknowledging *another's*, had she been less in Love wou'd have been insupportable to her; ungrateful and uncourtly Man, said she, looking on him with Eyes that sparkled at once with Indignation and Desire, you might have spar'd yourself the trouble of Repeating, and me the Confusion of Hearing, in what manner you stand Engag'd, it had been enough to have told me you never cou'd be mine, without appearing transported at the Ruin  
which

which you make; if my too happy Rival possesses Charms, I cannot boast, methinks your good Manners might have taught you, not to insult my Wants, and your good Nature, to have mingled Pity with your Justice; with these Words she fell a Weeping, but whether they were Tears of Love or Anger, is hard to determine, 'tis certain that both those Passions rag'd this Moment in her Soul with equal Violence, and if she had, had it in her Power, wou'd doubtless have been glad to have hated him, but he was, at all times too lovely to suffer a possibility of that, and much more so at this, for in spite of the Shock, that Infidelity he believ'd her guilty of to FRANKVILLE, gave him; he was by Nature so Compassionate, he felt the Woes he saw, or heard of, even of those who were most indifferent to him, and cou'd not now behold a Face, in which all the Horrors of Dispair were in the most lively manner represented, without displaying a Tendernefs in his, which in any other Man, might have been taken for Love, the dazzling Radiance of his Eyes, gave place to a more dangerous, more bewitching softness, and when he sigh'd, in Pity of her Anguish, a Soul Enchanting Languishment diffus'd itself thro' all his Air, and added to his Graces; she presently perceiv'd it, and forming new Hopes, as well from that, as from his Silence, took hold of his Hand, and pressing it eagerly to her Bosom, Oh my Lord! resum'd she, you cannot be ungrateful tho' you wou'd. — I see you cannot — Madam, interrupted he, shaking off as much as possible that show of Tendernefs, which he found had given her Incouragement;

I wish not to convince you how nearly I am touch'd, with what you suffer, least it shou'd *encrease* an Esteem, which, since prejudicial to your Repose, and the Interest of my Friend; I rather ought to endeavour to *lessen*. — But, as this is not the Entertainment I expected from CAMILLA, I beg to know an Answer of the Business I came upon, and what you decree for the unfortunate FRANKVILLE: If the Lady was agitated with an extremity of Vexation at the Count's Declaration of his Passion for another, what was she now, at this Disappointment of the Hopes she was so lately flatter'd with, instead of making any direct reply to what he said, she rag'd, stamp'd, tore her Hair, curs'd FRANKVILLE, all Mankind, the World, and in that height of Fury, scarce spar'd Heaven itself; but the violence of her Pride and Resentment being a little vented, Love took his turn, again she wept, again she prest his Hand, nay she even knelt, and hung upon his Feet, as he wou'd have broke from her, and beg'd him with Words as eloquent as Wit cou'd Form, and desperate dying Love Suggest, to pity and relieve her Misery: But he had now learn'd to dissemble his Concern, lest it shou'd a second time beguile her, and after raising her, with as Careless, and unmov'd an Air, as he was capable of putting on: My Presence, Madam, said he, but augments your Disorder, and 'tis only by seeing you no more, that I am qualify'd to conduce to the recovery of your Peace: With these Words he turn'd hastily from her, and was going out of the Room, when she, quick as Thought, sprung from the Place where she had stood, and  
being



being got between him and the Door, and throwing herself into his Arms, before he had time to prevent her ; you must not, shall not go, she cry'd, till you have left me Dead : Pardon me, Madam, answer'd he fretfully, and struggling to get loose from her Embrace, to stay after the Discovery you have made of your Sentiments, were to be guilty of an Injustice almost equal to your's, therefore I beg you'd give me liberty to pass. — Hear me but speak, resum'd she, grasping him yet harder ; return but for a Moment, — lovely Barbarian, — Hell has no tortures like your Cruelty. Here, the different Passions working in her Soul, with such uncommon Vehemence, hurry'd her Spirits beyond what Nature cou'd Support ; her Voice falter'd in the Accent, her trembling Hands by slow degrees relinquish'd what so eagerly they had held, every Sense forgot its Use, and she sunk, in all appearance, lifeless on the Floor : The Count was, if possible, more glad to be releas'd, than griev'd at the occasion, and contented himself with calling her Women to her Assistance, without staying to see when she wou'd recover.

HE went out of that House with Thoughts much more discompos'd than those with which he had enter'd it, and when he came Home, where FRANKVILLE impatiently waited his Return, he was at the greatest loss in the World, how to discover his Misfortune to him ; the other observing the trouble of his Mind, which was very visible in his Countenance ; my Lord, said he, in a melancholly Tone, I need not ask you what Success, the gloom which appears

appears on your Brow, tells me, my ill Fortune  
 has deny'd you the means of speaking to CA-  
 MILLA ; accuse not Fortune, answer'd D'EL-  
 MONT, but the influence of malicious Stars  
 which seldom, if ever, suits our Dispositions to  
 our Circumstances; I have seen CAMILLA, have  
 talk'd to her, and 'tis from that Discourse that I  
 cannot forbear reflecting on the miseries of Hu-  
 manity, which, while it mocks us with a show  
 of Reason, gives us no power to curb our Will,  
 and guide the erring Appetites to Peace. Mon-  
 sieur FRANKVILLE at these Words first felt a  
 jealous Pang, and as 'tis natural to believe eve-  
 ry Body admires what we do, he presently ima-  
 gin'd Count D'ELMONT had forgot MELIORA  
 in the presence of CAMILLA, and that it was  
 from the Consciousness of his own Weakness and  
 Inconstancy, that he spoke so feelingly : I wonder  
 not my Lord, said he coldly, that the Beauties of  
 CAMILLA shou'd inspire you with Sentiments,  
 which, perhaps, for many Reasons, you wou'd de-  
 sire to be free from, and I ought, in Prudence, to  
 have consider'd, that tho' you are the most ex-  
 cellent of your Kind, you are still a Man, and  
 have the Passions incident to Man, and not have  
 expos'd you to those Dangers the sight of CA-  
 MILLA must necessarily involve you in : I wish  
 to Heaven, answer'd the Count, easily guessing  
 what his Thoughts were, no greater threatned  
 you, and that you cou'd think on CAMILLA  
 with the same indifference as I can, or she, of  
 me with more ; then, in as brief a manner as he  
 cou'd, he gave him the Substance of what had  
 happen'd. FRANKVILLE, whose only Fault  
 was rashness, grew almost wild at the Recital of

so unexpected a Misfortune, he knew not for a good while what to believe, loath he was to suspect the *Count*, but loather to suspect *CAMILLA*, yet flew into extremities of Rage against both, by turns: The *Count* pityed, and forgave all that the violence of his Passion made him utter, but offer'd not to argue with him, 'till he found him capable of admitting his Reasons, and then, that open Sincerity, that honest noble Assurance which always accompany'd his Sweetness, and made it difficult to doubt the Truth of any thing he said, won the disorder'd Lover to an entire Conviction; he now concludes his Mistress false, repents the tenderness he has had for her, and tho' she still appears as lovely to his *Fancy* as ever, she grows odious to his *Judgment*, and resolves to use his utmost Efforts to banish her Idea from his Heart.

IN this Humour he took leave of the *Count*, it growing late, and his last Nights Adventure, taught him the danger of Nocturnal Walks, but how he spent his time till Morning, those can only guess, who have loved like him, and like him, met so cruel a Disappointment.

THE *Count* pass'd not the Night in much less inquietude than *FRANKVILLE*, he griev'd the powerful Influence of his own Attractions, and had there not been a *MELLIORA* in the World, he wou'd have wish'd himself Deform'd, rather than have been the Cause of so much Misery, as his Loveliness produc'd.

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THE next Morning the Count design'd to visit FRANKVILLE, to strengthen him in his Resolution of abandoning all Thoughts of the unconstant CAMILLA, but before he cou'd get dress'd, the other came into his Chamber: My Lord, said he, as soon as they were alone, my perfidious Mistress, failing to make a Conquest of your Heart, is still willing to preserve that she had attain'd over mine, but all her Charms and her Delusions are but vain, and to prove to your Lordship that they are so, I have brought the Letter I receiv'd from her, scarce an Hour past, and the true Copy of my Answer to it.

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### To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

THO' nothing proves the value of our Presence, so much as the Pangs our absence occasions, and in my last I rashly wish'd you might be sensible of mine, yet on examining my Heart, I presently recall'd the hasty Prayer, and found I lov'd with that extravagance of Tendernefs, that I had rather you return'd it too little than too much, and methinks cou'd better bear to represent you to my Fancy, careless and calm as common Lovers are, than think, I saw you, Burning, — Bleeding. — Dying, like me, with hopeless Wisbes, and unavailing Expectations; but Ah! I fear such Apprehensions are but too unnecessary — You think not of me, and, if in those happy days, when no cross Accident interveen'd to part me from your Sight, my Fondness pleas'd, you now find nothing in CAMILLA worth a troubled Thought

Thought, nor breath, one tender sigh in memory of our Transports past. — If I wrong your Love, impute it to Distraction, for Oh! 'tis sure I am not in my Senses, nor know to form one regular Desire. I act, and speak, and think, a thousand Incoherent things, and tho' I cannot forbear Writing to you, I write in such a manner, so wild, so different from what I wou'd, that I repent me of the Folly I am guilty of, even while I am committing it; but to make as good a Defence as I am able for these, perhaps, unwelcome Lines, I must inform you that they come not so much to let you know my Sentiments, as to engage a Discovery of yours: CIAMARA has discharg'd one of her Servants from her Attendance, who no longer courting her Favour, or regarding her Frowns, I have prevail'd upon, not only to bring this to you, but to convey an Answer back to me, by the help of a String which I am to let down to him from my Window, therefore, if you are but as Kind, as he has promis'd to be Faithful, we may often enjoy the Blessing of this distant Conversation; Heaven only knows when we shall be permitted to enjoy a nearer. CITTOLINI is this Evening return'd from his Villa, and noting but a Miracle can save me from the necessity of making my Choice of him, or a Monastery, either of which is worse than Death, since it must leave me the Power to wish, but take away the means, of being what I so oft have sworn to be

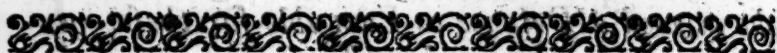
Eternally Yours, and,

Yours alone,

CAMILLA.

THE

THE Count cou'd not forbear lifting up his Eyes and Hands in token of Amazement, at the unexampled Falshood this Woman appeared guilty of, but perceiving *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* was about to read the following Answer, wou'd not Interrupt him, by asking any Questions till he had done.



### To Donna CAMILLA.

**I**F Vows are any constraint to an Inclination so addicted to Liberty as *Tours*, I shall make no difficulty to release you, of all you ever made to me! *Tes Madam*, you are free to dispose both of your Heart and Person wheresoever you think fit, nor do I desire you shou'd give your self the pains of farther Dissimulation. I pay too entire an Obedience to your Will, then to continue in a Passion which is no longer pleasing, nor will by an ill tim'd and unmannerly Constancy disturb the serenity of your future Enjoyments with any happier Man than

FRANKVILLE.

YOU see, my Lord, said he with a sigh, that I have put it out of her Power to Triumph over my Weakness, for I confess my Heart still wears her Chains, but e'er my Eyes or Tongue betray to her the shameful Bondage, these Hands shou'd tear them out; therefore I made no mention of her Behaviour to you, nor of my sending any

Letter



Letter by you, not only because I knew not if  
your Lordship wou'd think it proper, but lest  
she shou'd imagine my Resentment proceeded  
from Jealousy, and that I lov'd her still. —  
No, she shall ne'er have Cause to guess the  
truth of what I suffer. — Her *real perfidy* shall  
be repaid with *seeming Inconstancy* and Scorn. —  
Oh! how 'twill sting her Pride, — By Heaven,  
I feel a gloomy kind of Pleasure in the Thought,  
and will indulge it, even to the highest insults  
of Revenge.

I RATHER wish, reply'd the Count, you cou'd  
in earnest be indifferent, than only *feign* to be  
so; her unexampled Levity and Deceit, renders  
her as unworthy of your Anger as your Love,  
and there is too much Danger while you preserve  
the one, that you will not be able to throw off  
the other. — Oh! I pretend not to it, cry'd  
FRANKVILLE, interrupting him, she has  
too deep a root within my Soul ever to be re-  
mov'd — I boast no more than a concealment of  
my Passion, and when I dress the horrors of a  
bleeding, breaking Heart, in all the calm of  
cold Tranquility; methinks, you shou'd ap-  
plaud the *Noble Conquest*: Time, said the Count,  
after a little Pause, and a just Reflection how  
little she deserves your Thoughts, will teach  
you to obtain a *Nobler*; that of numbring your  
Love, among things that *were*, but *are* no more,  
and make you, with me, acknowledge that 'tis  
as great an argument of *Folly* and *meanness* of  
*Spirit* to continue the same Esteem when the  
Object ceases to deserve, which we profess'd be-  
fore the discovery of that unworthyness, as it  
wou'd

wou'd be of *Villany* and *Inconstancy of Mind*, to change, without an *Efficient Cause*: A great deal of Discourse pass'd between them to the same Effect, and it was but in vain that Count D'ELMONT endeavour'd to perswade him to a real forgetfulness of the Charmer, tho' he resolv'd to seem as if he did so.

WHILE they were disputing, one of D'ELMONT's Servants gave him a Letter, which, he told him, the Person who brought it, desir'd he wou'd answer immediately; he no sooner broke it open, and had cast his Eye over it, than he cry'd out in a kind of Transport, Oh, FRANKVILLE, what has Fate been doing! You are Happy.—CAMILLA is Innocent, and perhaps the most deserving of her Sex; I only am Guilty, who, by a fatal Mistake have wrong'd her Virtue, and Tormented you; but Read, continu'd he, giving him the Letter, Read, and Satisfy your self.

MONSIEUR FRANKVILLE was too much astonish'd at these Words to be able to make any reply, but immediately found the Interpretation of them in these Lines.



To the dear cruel Destroyer of my  
Quiet, the never too much Admir'd Count  
D'ELMONT.

**T**IS no longer the Mistress of your Friend, a  
perjur'd and unjust CAMILLA, who languish-  
es and dyes by your Contempt, but one, whom all the  
darts of Love had strove in vain to reach, 'till from  
your Charms they gain'd a God-like Influence, and  
un-erring Force! One, who tho' a Widow, brings  
you the Offering of a Virgin Heart.

AS I was sitting in my Closet, watching the pro-  
gress of the lazy Hours, which flew not half so swift  
as my Desires to bring on the appointed time in which  
you promis'd to be with me in the Garden; my Wo-  
man came running in, to acquaint me, that you were  
in the House, and waited to speak with CAMILLA:  
Surprize, and Jealousy at once Assaulted me, and I  
sunk beneath the Apprehension that you might by  
some Accident have seen her, and also loved her, to  
ease my self of those tormenting Doubts I resolv'd  
to appear before you, in her stead, and kept my  
Vail over my Face, 'till I found that hers was un-  
known to you:—You are not Ignorant what follow'd,  
the Deceit pass'd upon you for Truth, but I was  
sufficiently punish'd for it, by the severity of your  
Usage: I was just going to discover who I was, when  
the violence of my Love, my Grief, and my Dispair  
threw me into that Swoon, in which, to compleat  
your Cruelty, you left me; 'twou'd be endless to en-  
deavour to represent the Agonies of my Soul, when I  
recovered, and heard you were gone, but all who

G

truly



*truly Love, as they fear much, so they hope much, my Tortures at length abated, at least, permitted me to take some intervals of Comfort, and I began to flatter my self that the Passion you seem'd transported with, for a nameless Mistress, was but a feint to bring me back to him you thought I was oblig'd to Love, and that there was a possibility, that my Person and Fortune might not appear despicable to you, when you shou'd know, I have no Tyes but those of Inclination, which can be only yours while I am*

CIAMARA.

P. S. *IF you find nothing in me worthy of your Love, my Sufferings are such, as justly may deserve your Pity; either relieve or put an end to them I conjure you — Free me from the ling'ring Death of Doubt, at once decree my Fate, for, like a God, you rule my very Will, nor dare I, without your Leave, throw off this wretched Being; Oh then, permit me once more to behold you, to try, at least, to warm you into Kindness with my Sighs, to melt you with my Tears, — to sooth you into softness by a thousand yet undiscover'd Fondnesses — and, if all fail, to dye before your Eyes.*

THOSE who have experienc'd the force of Love, need not to be inform'd what Joy, what Transport swell'd the Heart of Monsieur FRANKVILLE, at this unexpected *Eclaircissement* of his dear CAMILLA's Innocence; when every thing concurs to make our Woes seem real, when Hopes are dead, and even Desire is hush'd by the loud Clamours of Dispair and Rage, then, — then, to be recall'd to Life, to Light, to Heaven and

and Love again, is such a torrent of o're powering Happiness, — Such a surcharge of Extacy, as Sence can hardly bear.

WHAT now wou'd FRANKVILLE not have given that it had been in his Power to have recall'd the last Letter he sent to CAMILLA? his Soul severely reproach'd him for so easily believing she cou'd be False; tho' his Experience of the sweetness of her Disposition, made him not doubt of a Pardon from her, when she shou'd come to know what had been the Reason of his Jealousy; his impatience to see her, immediately put it into his Head, that as CIAMARA had been the occasion of the mis-understanding between them, CIAMARA might likewise be made the property to set all right again; to this end, he entreated the Count to write her an answer of Compliance, and a promise to come to her the next Day, in which Visit, he wou'd, in a Disguise attend him, and being once got into the House, he thought it wou'd be no difficulty to steal to CAMILLA's Apartment.

BUT he found it not so easy a Task as he imagin'd, to perswade Count D'ELMONT to come into this Design, his generous Heart, averse to all Deceit, thought it base and unmanly to abuse with Dissimulation the real tenderness this Lady had for him, and tho' press'd by the Brother of MELLIORA, and conjur'd to it, even by the Love he profess'd for her, it was with all the reluctance in the World, that he, at last, consented, and his Servant came several times into the Room to remind him that the Person who brought

the Letter, waited impatiently for an Answer, before he cou'd bring himself into a Humour to write in the manner *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* desir'd; and tho', scarce any Man ever had so sparkling a Fancy, such a readiness of Thought, or aptitude of Expression, when the dictates of his Soul, were the Employment of his Tongue or Pen, yet he now found himself at a loss for Words, and he wasted more time in these few Lines, than a Thousand times as many on any other Subject wou'd have cost him.



To the Beautiful and Obliging  
C I A M A R A.

Madam,

**I**F I did not sin against Truth when I assur'd you that I had a Mistress to whom I was engag'd by Inclination, I certainly did, when I appear'd guilty of a harshness which was never in my Nature; the Justice you do me in believing the Interest of my Friend was the greatest motive for my seeming Unkindness, I have not the Power sufficiently to acknowledge, but, cou'd you look into my Soul, you wou'd there, find the effects of your Inspiration, something so tender, and so grateful, as only favours, such as you confer, cou'd merit or create.

I design to make my self happy in waiting on you to Morrow-Night about Eleven, if you will order me admittance at that Back-gate, which was the Place  
of



of our first Appointment, 'till then, I am the lovely  
CIAMARA'S

Most Devoted Servant

D'ELMONT

P. S. *There are some Reasons why I think it not safe to come alone, therefore beg you'll permit me to bring a Servant with me, on whose secrecy I dare rely.*

WHEN the Count had sent away this little Billet, Monsieur FRANKVILLE grew very gay on the hopes of his Design succeeding; and laughing, my Lord said he, I question whether MELLIORA wou'd forgive me, for engaging you in this Affair; CIAMARA is extreamly handsome, has Wit, and where she attempts to Charm, has doubtless, a thousand Artifices to obtain her Will; the Count was not in a temper to relish his Raillery, he had a great deal of Compassion for CIAMARA, and thought himself inexcusable for deceiving her, and all that FRANKVILLE cou'd do to dissipate the Gloom that reflection spread about him, was but vain.

THEY spent the greatest part of this Day together, as they had done the former; and when the time came that FRANKVILLE thought it proper to take Leave, it was with a much more Chearful Heart, than he had the Night before; but his Happiness was not yet secure, and in a few Hours he found a considerable alteration in his Condition.

As soon as it was dark enough for CAMILLA to let down her String to the Fellow whom she had order'd to wait for it, he receiv'd another Letter fasten'd to it, and finding it was Directed as the other, for *Monsieur FRANKVILLE*, he immediately brought it to him.

IT was with a mixture of Fear and Joy, that the impatient Lover broke it open, but both those Passions gave Place to an adequate Dispair, when having un-seal'd it, he read these Lines.



To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

I HAVE been already so much deceiv'd, that I ought not to boast of any skill in the Art of Divination, yet, I fancy, 'tis in my Power to form a juster Guess than I have done, what the Sentiments of your Heart will be when you first open this — Methinks, I see you put on a scornful Smile, resolving to be still unmov'd, either at Upbraidings or Complaints, for to do one of these, I am satisfied, you imagine is the reason of my troubling you with a Letter : But Sir, I am not altogether silly enough to believe the tenderest Supplications the most humble of my Sex cou'd make, has efficacy to restore Desire, once Dead, to Life ; or if it cou'd, I am not so mean Spirited as to accept a return thus caus'd ; nor wou'd it be less impertinent to Reproach, to tell you that you are Perjur'd — Base — Ungrateful, is what you know already, unless your Memory is so Complaisant

Complaisant as not to remind you of either Vows or Obligations : But, to assure you, that I reflect on this sudden Change of your Humour without being fir'd with Rage, or stupify'd with Grief, is perhaps, what you least expect. — Tet, strange as it may seem, it is most certain, that she, whom you have found the Softest, Fondest, Tenderest of her Kind, is in a moment grown the most Indifferent, for in spite of your Inconstancy, I never shall deny that I have Lov'd you, — Lov'd you, even to Dotage, my Passion took birth long before I knew you had a thought of feigning one for me, which frees me from that Imputation Women too frequently deserve, of loving for no other reason than because they are beloved, for if you ne'er had seem'd to love, I shou'd have continu'd to do so in Reality. I found a thousand Charms in your Person and Conversation, and believ'd your Soul no less transcending all others in excellent Qualities, than I still confess your Form to be in Beauty ; I dress'd you up in vain imagination, adorn'd with all the Ornaments of Truth, Honour, good Nature, Generosity, and every Grace that raise mortal Perfection to the highest pitch, and almost reach Divinity, — but you have taken care to prove your self, meer Man, to like, dislike, and wish you know not what, nor why ! If I never had any Merits, how came you to think me worthy the pains you have taken to engage me ? and if I had, how am I so suddenly depriv'd of them ? — No, I am still the same, and the only reason I appear not so to you, is, that you behold me now, no more, with Lover's Eyes ; the few Charms, I am Mistress of, look'd lovely at a distance, but lose their Lustre, when approach'd too near ; your Fancy threw a glittering Burnish o're me, which free Possession has worn off,



and now, the Woman only stands expos'd to View, and I confess I justly suffer for the guilty Folly of believing that, in your Sex, Ardors cou'd survive Enjoyment, or if they cou'd, that such a Miracle was reserv'd for me; but thank Heaven my Punishment is past, the Pangs, the tortures of my bleeding Heart, in tearing your Idea thence, already are no more! The fiery Tryal is over, and I am now arriv'd at the Elizium of perfect Peace, entirely unmolested by any warring Passion; the Fears, the Hopes, the Jealousies, and all the endless Train of Cares which waited on my hours of Love and fond Delusion, serve but to endear re-gain'd Tranquility, and I can coolly Scorn, not hate your Falshood; and tho' it is a Maxim very much in use among the Women of my Country, that, not to Revenge, were to deserve Ill-usage, yet I am so far from having a wish that way, that I shall always esteem your Virtues, and while I pardon, pity your Infirmities; shall praise your flowing Wit, without an Indignant remembrance how oft it has been employ'd for my undoing; shall acknowledge the brightness of your Eyes, and not in secret Curse the borrow'd softness of their Glances, shall think on all your past Endearments, your Sighs, your Vows, your melting Kisses, and the warm Fury of your fierce Embraces, but as a pleasing Dream, while Reason slept, and wish not to renew at such a Price.

I DESIRE no Answer to this, nor to be thought of more, go on in the same Course you have began, Change 'till you are tir'd with Roving, still let your Eyes Inchant, your Tongue Delude, and  
Oaths

*Oaths Betray, and all who look, who listen, and believe, be ruin'd and forsaken like*

CAMILLA.

THE calm and resolute Resentment which appear'd in the stile of this Letter, gave FRANKVILLE very just grounds to fear, it wou'd be no small difficulty to obtain a Pardon for what he had so rashly written; but when he reflected on the seeming Reasons, which mov'd him to it, and that he shou'd have an opportunity to let her know them, he was not altogether Inconsolable, he pass'd the Night however in a world of Anxiety, and as soon as Morning came, hurried away, to communicate to the Count this fresh occasion of his Trouble.

IT was now D'ELMONT's turn to Railly, and he laugh'd as much at those Fears, which he imagin'd Causeless, as the other had done, at the assignation he had perswaded him to make with CIAMARA, but, tho' as most of his Sex are, he was pretty much of the Count's Opinion, yet, the re-instating himself in CAMILLA's esteem, was a Matter of too great Importance to him, to suffer him to take one Moment's ease 'till he was perfectly assur'd of it.

AT last, the wish'd for Hour arriv'd, and he, disguis'd so as it was impossible for him to be known, attended the Count to that dear Wicket, which had so often given him entrance to CAMILLA; they waited not long for Admittance, BRIONE was ready there to receive them; the  
fight

sight of her, inflam'd the Heart of *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* with all the Indignation imaginable, for he knew her to be the Woman, who, by her Treachery to *CAMILLA*, had gain'd the Confidence of *CIAMARA*, and involv'd him in all the Miseries he had endur'd; but he contain'd himself, 'till she taking the *Count* by the Hand, in order to lead him to her Lady, bad him wait her return, which she told him shou'd be immediately, in an outer Room which she pointed him to.

I N the mean time she conducted the *Count* to the Door of that magnificent Chamber, where he had been receiv'd by the suppos'd *CAMILLA*, and where he now beheld the real *CIAMARA*, drest, if possible, richer than she was the Night before, but loose as wanton Fancy cou'd invent; she was lying on the Couch when he enter'd, and affecting to seem as if she was not presently sensible of his being there, rose not to receive him till he was very near her; they both kept silence for some Moments, she, waiting till he shou'd speak, and he, possibly, prevented by the uncertainty after what manner he shou'd form his Address, so as to keep an equal Medium between the two extreams, of being Cruel, or too Kind, till at last the violence of her impatient Expectation burst out in these Words, — Oh that this silence were the effect of Love! — and then perceiving he made no Answer; tell me, continu'd she, am I forgiven for thus intruding on your Pity for a Grant, which Inclination wou'd not have allow'd me? Cease Madam, reply'd he, to encrease that Confusion which a  
just



just Sence of your Favours, and my own Ingratitude has cast me in: How can you look with Eyes so tender and so kind, on him who brings you nothing in return? rather despise me, hate me, drive me from your Sight, believe me as I am, unworthy of your Love, nor squander on a Bankrupt Wretch the noble Treasure: Oh Inhuman! interrupted she, has then that Mistress of whose Charms you boasted, engross'd all your stock of Tendernefs? and have you nothing nothing to repay me for all this waste of Fondness, — this lavish prodigality of Passion, which forces me beyond my Sexes Pride, or my own natural Modesty, to Sue, to Court, to kneel and weep for Pity: Pity, resum'd the Count wou'd be a poor reward for Love like yours, and yet alas! continu'd he Sighing, 'tis all I have to give; I have already told you, I am tyed by Vows, by Honour, Inclination, to another, who tho' far absent hence, I still preserve the dear remembrance of! My Fate will soon recall me back to her, and *Paris*; yours fixes you at *Rome*, and since we are doom'd to be for ever separated, it wou'd be base to Cheat you with a vain pretence, and lull you with Hopes pleasing Dreams a while, when you must quickly wake to added Tortures, and redoubled Woe: Heavens, cry'd she, with an Air full of Resentment, are then my Charms so mean, my Darts so weak, that near, they cannot intercept those, shot at such a distance? and are you that dull, cold Platonist, which can prefer the visionary Pleasures of an *absent* Mistress, to the warm Transports of the substantial *present*: The Count was pretty much surpriz'd at these Words, coming from the Mouth

Mouth of a Woman of Honour, and began now to perceive what her Aim was, but willing to be more confirm'd, Madam, said he; I dare not hope your Virtue wou'd permit. — Is this a time (Interrupted she, looking on him with Eyes which sparkled with wild Desires, and left no want of further Explanation of her meaning) Is this an Hour to preach of Virtue? — Married, — Betroth'd, — Engag'd by Love or Law, what hinders but this Moment you may be mine, this Moment, well improv'd, might give us Joys to baffle a whole Age of Woe; make us, at once, forget our Troubles past, and by its sweet remembrance, scorn those to come; in speaking these Words, she sunk supinely on D'E L M O N T's Breast; but tho' he was not so ill-natur'd, and unmannerly as to repel her, this sort of Treatment made him lose all the Esteem, and great part of the Pity he had conceiv'd for her.

T H E Woes of Love are only worthy Commiseration, according to their Causes; and tho' all those kinds of Desire, which the difference of Sex creates, bear in general, the name of Love, yet they are as vastly wide as Heaven and Hell; that Passion which aims chiefly at Enjoyment, in Enjoyment ends, the fleeting Pleasure is no more remembred, but all the stings of Guilt and Shame remain; but that, where the interiour Beauties are consulted, and Souls are Devotees, is truly Noble, Love, *there* is a Divinity indeed, because he is immortal and unchangeable, and if our earthy part partake the Bliss, and craving Nature is in all obey'd;  
Possession

Possession thus desired, and thus Obtain'd, is far from satiating, *Reason* is not here debas'd to *Sense*, but *Sense* elevates itself to *Reason*, the different Powers unite, and become pure alike.

IT was plain that the Passion with which CRAMARA was animated, sprung not from this last Source; she had seen the Charming Count, was taken with his Beauty, and wish'd no farther than to possess his lovely *Person*, his *Mind* was the least of her Thoughts, for had she the least Ambition to reign there, she wou'd not have so meanly sought to obtain the one, after he had assured her, the other, far more noble part of him was dispos'd of. The Grief he had been in, that it was not in his power to return her Passion, while he believ'd it meritorious, was now chang'd to the utmost Contempt, and her Quality, and the State she liv'd in, did not hinder him from regarding of her, in as indifferent a manner, as he wou'd have done a common *Courtizan*.

LOST to all Sense of Honour, Pride or Shame, and wild to gratify her furious Wishes, she spoke, without reserve, all they suggested to her, and lying on his Breast, beheld, without concern, her Robes fly open, and all the Beauties of her own expos'd, and naked to his View: Mad at his Insensibility, at last she grew more bold, she kiss'd his Eyes, — his Lips, a thousand times, then press'd him in her Arms with strenuous Embraces, — and snatching his Hand and putting it to her Heart, which fiercely bound-  
ed



ed at his Touch, bid him be witness of his mighty Influence there.

THO' it was impossible for any Soul to be capable of a greater, or more constant, Passion than his felt for *MELLIORA*, tho' no Man that ever liv'd, was less addicted to loose Desires,—in fine, tho' he really was, as *FRANKVILLE* had told him, the most excellent of his Kind, yet, he was still a *Man!* and, 'tis not to be thought strange, if to the force of such united Temptations, Nature and Modesty a little yielded; warm'd with her fires, and, perhaps, more mov'd by Curiosity, her Behaviour having extinguish'd all his respect, he gave his Hands and Eyes a full Enjoyment of all those Charms, which had they been answer'd by a Mind worthy of them, might justly have inspir'd the highest Raptures, while she, unshock'd, and unresisting, suffer'd all he did, and urg'd him with all the Arts she was Mistress of, to more, and it is not altogether improbable, that he might not entirely have forgot himself, if a sudden Interruption had not restor'd his Reason to the consideration of the Business which had brought him here.

*MONSIEUR FRANKVILLE* had all this time been employ'd in a far different manner of Entertainment; *BRIONE* came to him, according to her promise, as soon as she had introduc'd the Count to *CIAMARA*, and having been commanded by that Lady to discourse with the supposed Servant, and get what she cou'd out of him, of the Count's Affairs, she sat down and began

began to talk to him with a great deal of Freedom ; but he, who was too impatient to lose much time, told her he had a Secret to discover, if the place they were in was private enough to prevent his being over-heard, and she assuring him that it was, he immediately discover'd who he was, and clap'd a Pistol to her Breast, swearing that Moment shou'd be the last of her Life, if she made the least Noise, or attempted to intercept his passage to CAMILLA : The terror she was in, made her fall on her knees, and conjuring him to spare her Life, beg'd a thousand Pardons for her Infidelity, which she told him was not occasion'd by any particular Malice to him ; but not being willing to leave *Rome* herself, the fear of being expos'd to the revenge of CIAMARA and CITTOLINI, when they shou'd find out that she she had been the Instrument of CAMILLA's Escape, prevail'd upon her timorous Soul to that Discovery, which was the only means to prevent what she so much dreaded : FRANKVILLE contented himself with venting his Resentment in two or three hearty Curses, and taking her roughly by the Arm, bid her go with him to CAMILLA's Apartment, and discover before her what she knew of CIAMARA's Entertaining Count D'ELMONT in her Name, which she trembling promis'd to obey, and they both went up a pair of back Stairs which led a private way to CAMILLA's Chamber ; when they enter'd, she was sitting in her night Dress on the Bed-side, and the unexpected sight of BRIGNE, who, till now, had never ventured to appear before her, since her Infidelity, and a Man with her whom she thought a Stranger, fill'd

fill'd her with such a surprize, that it depriv'd her of her Speech, and gave FRANKVILLE time to throw off his Disguise, and catch her in his Arms with all the Transports of unfeign'd Affection, before she cou'd enough recover herself to make any resistance, but when she did, it was with all the Violence imaginable, and endeavouring to tear herself away ; Villain, said she, comest thou again to triumph o're my Weakness, — again to Cheat me into fond Belief ? There needed no more to make this obsequious Lover relinquish his Hold, and falling at her Feet, was beginning to speak something in his Vindication, when she, quite lost in Rage, prevented him, by renewing her Reproaches in this manner ; have you not given me up my Vows ? resum'd she, have you not abandon'd me to Ruin, — to Death, — to Infamy, — to all the stings of self-accusing Conscience and Remorse ? and come you now, by your detested Presence, to alarm Remembrance, and new-point my Tortures ? — That Woman's Treachery, continu'd she, looking on BRIGNE, I freely Pardon, since by that little Absence it occasion'd, I have discovered the wavering disposition of your Soul, and learn'd to scorn what is below my Anger. Here me but speak, cry'd FRANKVILLE ; or if you doubt my Truth, as I confess you have almighty Cause, let her inform you, what seeming Reasons, what Provocations urg'd my hasty Rage to write that fatal, — that accursed Letter. I will hear nothing, reply'd CAMILLA, neither from you nor her, — I see the base Design, and scorn to joyn in the Deceit, — You have had no Cause, — not even the



the least Pretence for your Incontinency but one, which, tho' you are guilty of, you all Disown, and that is, being Lov'd too well.— I Lavish'd all the fondness of my Soul, and you, unable to reward, Despiz'd it:— But think not that the rage, you now behold me in, proceeds from my Despair— No, your Inconstancy is the Fault of Nature, a Vice which all your Sex are prone to, and 'tis we, the fond believers only are to blame, *that* I forgave, my Letter told you that I did — But thus to Come — Thus Insolent in Imagination, to dare to Hope I were that mean foul'd Wretch, whose easy Tameness, and whose doating Love, with Joy would welcome your return, Clasp you again in my deluded Arms, and swear you were as dear as Ever, is such an affront to my Understanding, as merits the whole Fury of Revenge; as she spoke these words, she turn'd Disdainfully from him with a Resolution to leave the Room, but she could not make such hast to go away as the despairing, the distracted FRANKVILLE did to prevent her, and catching hold of her Garments, stay Madam, said He wildly, either permit me to clear my self of this barbarous Accusation, or, if you are resolv'd, Unhearing, to Condemn me, behold me, satiate all your Rage can wish, for by Heaven, continued he, holding the Pistol to his own Breast, as he had done a little before to BRIGNE's, by all the Joys I have Possess'd, by all the Hell I now Endure, this Moment I'll be receiv'd your *Lover*, or expire your *Martyr*. These words pronounc'd so passionately, and the action that Accompany'd them made a visible alteration in CAMILLA's Countenance, but it lasted not long, and Resuming

H

her

her fierceness; your Death, cry'd she, this way would give me little Satisfaction, the World would judge more Nobly of my Resentment, if by my Hand you fell — Yet, continu'd she, snatching the Pistol from him, and throwing it out of the Window, which happen'd to be open, I will not — cannot be the Executioner. — No, Live! and let thy Punishment be, in *Reality* to endure what thou well *Dissemblest*, the Pangs, the rack-ing Pangs of hopeless, endless Love! — May'st thou *indeed* Love *Me*, as thou a thousand Times hast falsely sworn, — for ever *Love*, and I, for ever *Hate*! In this last Sentence, she flew like Lightning to her Closet, and shut her self in, leaving the amaz'd Lover still on his Knees, stupify'd with Grief and Wonder, all this while BRIONE had been casting about in her Mind, how to make the best use of this Adventure, with CIAMARA, and encourag'd by CAMILLA's behaviour, and taking advantage of FRANKVILLE's Confusion, made but one Step to the Chamber Door, and running out into the Gallery, and down Stairs, cry'd Murder, — Help, a Rape — Help, or Donna CAMILLA will be carry'd away. — She had no occasion to call often, for the Pistol which CAMILLA threw out of the Window chanc'd to go off in the fall, and the report it made, had alarm'd some of the Servants who were in an out House adjoining to the Garden, and imagining there were Thieves, were gathering to search, some arm'd with Sticks, some with Iron Bars, or any thing they could get in the Hurry they were in, as they were running confusedly about, they met Monsieur FRANKVILLE pursuing BRIONE, with a design to stop her

Mouth

Mouth, either by Theathings or Bribes, but she was too nimble for him, and knowing the ways of the House much better than he did, went directly to the Room where CIAMARA was, Carressing the Count in the manner already mention'd: Oh Madam, said she, you are impos'd on, the Count has deceiv'd your Expectations, and brought *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* in Disguise to rob you of CAMILLA. These words made them both, tho' with very different Sentiments, start from the posture they were in, and CIAMARA changing her Air of Tenderness for one all Fury, Monster! cry'd she to D'Elmont; have you then betray'd me? This is no time, reply'd he, hearing a great Buffle, and FRANKVILLE's Voice pretty loud without, for me to answer you, my Honour calls me to my Friend's assistance; and drawing his Sword, run as the Noise directed him to the Place where FRANKVILLE was defending himself against a little Army of CIAMARA's Servants, she was not much behind him, and Enrag'd to the highest degree, cry'd out, kill, kill them both! but that was not a Task for a much greater Number of such as them to Accomplish, and tho' their Weapons might easily have beat down, or broke the Gentlemens Sword; yet their Fears kept from coming too near, and CIAMARA had the Vexation to see them both Retreat with Safety, and her self Disappointed as well in her Revenge, as in her Love.

NOTHING cou'd be more surpriz'd, than Count D'ELMONT was, when he got Home, and heard from FRANKVILLE all that had pass'd between



him and CAMILLA, nor was his Trouble less, that he had it not in his Power to give him any Advice in any Exigence so uncommon : He did, all he cou'd to comfort and divert his Sorrows, but in vain, the Wounds of bleeding Love admit no Ease, but from the Hand which gave them; and he, who was naturally rash and fiery, now grew to that height of Desparation and violence of Temper, that the COUNT fear'd some fatal Catastrophe, and wou'd not suffer him to stir from him that Night, nor the next Day, till he had oblig'd him to make a Vow, and bind it with the most solemn Imprecations, not to offer any thing against his Life.

BUT, tho' plung'd into the lowest depth of Misery, and Lost, to all Human propability, in an inextricable Labyrinth of Woe, *Fortune* will find, at last, some way to raise, and disentangle those, whom she is pleas'd to make her Favorites, and that *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* was one, an unexpected Adventure made him know.

THE third Day from that, in which he had seen CAMILLA, as he was sitting in his Chamber, in a melancholly Conversation with the COUNT, who was then come to Visit him, his Servant brought him a Letter, which he said had been just left, by a Woman of an extraordinary Appearance, and who the Moment she had given it into his Hand, got from the Door with so much speed, that she seem'd rather to vanish than to walk.

While

While the Servant was speaking, FRANKVILLE look'd on the COUNT with a kind of a pleas'd Expectations in his Eyes, but then casting them on the Direction of the Letter, Alas ! said he, how vain was my Imagination, this is not CAMILLA's, but a Hand, to which I am utterly a Stranger ; these words were clos'd with a sigh, and he open'd it with a Negligence which wou'd have been unpardonable, cou'd he have guess'd at the Contents, but as soon as he saw the Name of VIOLETTA at the bottom, a flash of Hope re-kindled in his Soul, and trembling with Impatience he Read

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To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

*I Think it cannot be call'd Treachery, if we betray the Secrets of a Friend, only when Concealment were an Injury, but however, I may be able to answer this breach of Trust, I am about to make, to my self, 'tis your Behaviour alone, which can absolve me to CAMILLA and by your Fidelity she must judge of mine.*

*Tho' Daughter to the Man she hates, she finds nothing in me Unworthy of her Love and Confidence, and as I have been privy, ever since your mutual Misfortunes, to the whole History of your Amour, so I am now no Stranger to the Sentiments, your last Conversation has inspir'd her with — She loves you still, Monsieur — With an extremity of Passion*

loves you. — But, tho' she ceases to believe you unworthy of it, her Indignation for your unjust Suspicion of her will not be easily remov'd — She is resolv'd to act the Heroine, tho' to purchase that Character it shou'd cost her Life : She is determin'd for a Cloyster, and has declared her Intention, and a few Days will take away all Possibility of ever being yours ; but I, who know the conflicts she endures, wish it may be in your Power to prevent the Execution of a Design which cannot, but be fatal to her ? My Father and CIAMARA, I wish I cou'd not call her Aunt, were last Night in private Conference, but I over heard enough of their Discourse, to know there has been some ungenerous Contrivance carry'd on to make you, and CAMILLA appear guilty to each other, and 'tis from that Knowledge I derive my Hopes that you have Honour enough to make a right Use of this Discovery, if you have any thing to say to farther the Intercessions I am imploy'd in, to serve you. Prepare a Letter, which I will either prevail on her to read, or oblige her, in spite of the Resolution she has made, to Hear : But take care, that in the least, you hint not that you have receiv'd one from me, for I shall perswade her that the Industry of your Love has found means of conveying it to me without my Knowledge : Bring it with you this Evening to St. Peter's, and as soon as Divine Service is over, follow her who shall drop her Handkerchief as she passes you, for by that Mark you shall distinguish her whom you yet know, but by the Name of

VIOLETTA.

P. S. One thing, and indeed not the least, which induc'd me to write, I had almost forgot, which is, that  
your

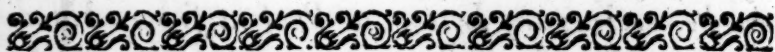


*your Friend the Accomplish'd Count D'ELMONT is as much endangered by the Resentment of CIAMARA, as your self by that of my Father, bid him beware how he receives any Letter, or Present from a Hand unknown, lest he should Experience, what he has doubtless heard of, our Italian Art of Poysoning by the smell.*

WHEN Monsieur FRANKVILLE had given this Letter to the Count to read, which he immediately did, they both of them broke into the highest Encomiums on this young Lady's Generosity, who contrary to the custom of her Sex, which seldom forgives an affront of that kind, made it her study to serve the Man who had refus'd her, and make her Rival blest.

THESE Testimonies of a grateful Acknowledgement being over, FRANKVILLE told the Count he believ'd the most, and indeed the only effectual Means to extinguish CAMILLA's Resentment wou'd be entirely, to remove the Cause, which cou'd be done no other way, than by giving her a full Account of CIAMARA's behaviour, while she pass'd for her: D'ELMONT readily consented, and thought it not at all inconsistent with his Honour to Expose that of a Woman who had shewn so little Value for it her self: And when he saw that FRANKVILLE had finish'd his Letter, which was very long, for Lovers cannot easily come to a Conclusion, he offer'd to writ a Note to her, enclos'd in the other, which shou'd serve as an Evidence of the Truth of what he had alledged in his Vindication: FRANKVILLE gladly embrac'd the kind

Proposal, and the other immediately made it good in these words.



To Donna CAMILLA.

Madam,

**I**F the Severity of your Justice requires a Victim, I only am Guilty, who being Impos'd upon my self, endeavour'd, for I cannot say I cou'd Accomplish it, to involve the Unfortunate FRANKVILLE in the same fatal Error, and at last, prevail'd on him to Write, what he cou'd not be brought, by all my Arguments to Think.

LET the Cause which led me to take this Freedom, excuse the Presumption of it, which, from one so much a Stranger, wou'd be else unpardonable: But when we are conscious of a Crime, the first reparation we can make to Innocence, is, to acknowledge we have Offended; and, if the Confession of my Faults, may purchase an Absolution for my Friend, I shall account it the noblest Work of Superogation.

BE assur'd, that as inexorable as you are, your utmost Rigour wou'd find it's Satisfaction, if you cou'd be sensible of what I suffer in a sad Repentance for my Sin of injuring so Heavenly a Virtue, and, perhaps, in time be mov'd by it to Pity and Forgive

The Unhappily deceiv'd

D'ELMONT.  
THE

THE time in which they had done Writing, immediately brought on that of VIOLETTA'S Appointment, and the Count wou'd needs accompany *Monsieur* FRANKVILLE in this Affignation, saying, he had an acknowledgment to pay to that Lady, which he thought himself oblig'd, in good Manners and Gratitude, to take this Opportunity to do; and the other being of the same Opinion, they went together to St. Peter's.

WHEN Prayers were done, which, 'tis probable, One of these Gentlemen, if not Both, might think too tedious, they stood up, and looking round, impatiently expected when the promis'd Signal shou'd be given; but among the great Number of Ladies, which pass'd by them, there were very few, who did not stop a little to gaze on these two Accomplish'd *Chevaliers*, and they were several times Tantaliz'd with an *imaginary* VIOLETTA, before the *real* one appear'd. But when the Crowd were almost dispers'd, and they began to fear some Accident had prevented her coming, the long expected Token was let fall, and she who threw it, trip'd hastily away to the farther end of the *Collonade*, which hapned to be entirely void of Company: The Count and his Companion, were not long behind her, and *Monsieur* FRANKVILLE being the Person chiefly Concern'd, address'd himself to her in this manner: With what Words Madam, said he, can a Man so infinitely Oblig'd, and so desirous to be Grateful as FRANKVILLE, sufficiently make known his admiration of a Generosity like yours? Such an unbounded Goodness, shames



shames all Description ! makes Language vile since it affords no Phrase to suit your Worth, or speak the mighty Sense my Soul has of it. I have no other Aim, reply'd she, in what I have done, than Justice ; and 'tis only in the proof of your sincerity to CAMILLA that I am to be thank'd. FRANKVILLE was about to answer with some assurances of his Faith, when the Count stepping forward, prevented him : My Friend, Madam, said he bowing, is most happy in having it in his Power to obey a Command, which is the utmost of his Wishes ; but how must I acquit my self of any part of that Return which is due to you for that generous Care you have been pleas'd to express for the preservation of my Life ? There needs no more, interrupted she, with a perceivable alteration in her Voice, than to have *seen Count D'ELMONT* to be interested in his Concerns — She paus'd a little after speaking these Words, and then, as if she thought she had said too much, turn'd hastily to FRANKVILLE, the Letter, *Monsieur*, continu'd she, the Letter, — 'tis not impossible but we may be observ'd, — I tremble with the apprehension of a Discovery : FRANKVILLE immediately deliver'd it to her, but saw so much Disorder in her Gesture, that it very much surpriz'd him : She trembled indeed, but whether occasioned by any danger she perceiv'd of being taken notice of, or some other secret Agitation she felt within, was then unknown to any but herself, but whatever it was, it transported her so far, as to make her quit the Place, without being able to take any other Leave than a hasty

*Curtsey*

*Curtisy*, and bidding FRANKVILLE meet her the next Morning at *Mattins*.

HERE was a new Cause of Disquiet to D'ELMONT; the Experience he had of the too fatal influence of his dangerous Attractions, gave him sufficient Reason to fear this young Lady was not insensible of them, and that his Presence was the sole Cause of her Disorder; however, he said nothing of it to FRANKVILLE 'till the other mentioning it to him, and repeating her Words, they both joyn'd in the Opinion that Love had been too busy in her Heart, and that it was the feeling the Effects of it in herself, had inclined her to so much Compassion for the Miseries she saw it inflicted upon others. The Count very well knew that when Desires of this Kind are springing in the Soul, every Sight of the beloved Object, encreases their growth, and therefore, tho' her generous manner of Proceeding had created in him a very great Esteem, and he wou'd have been pleas'd with her Conversation, yet he ceas'd to wish a farther Acquaintance with her, lest it should render her more Unhappy, and forbore going the next Day to Church with FRANKVILLE as else he wou'd have done.

VIOLETTA fail'd not to come as she had promis'd, but instead of dropping her Handkerchief, as she had done the Evening before, she knelt as close to him as she cou'd, and pulling him gently by the Sleeve, oblig'd him to regard her, who else, not knowing her, wou'd not have suspected she was so near, and slip'd a Note into  
his

his Hand, bidding him softly not take any farther notice of her : He obey'd, but 'tis reasonable to believe, was too impatient to know what the Contents were, to listen with much Attention and Devotion to the remainder of the Ceremony ; as soon as he was releas'd, he got into a Corner of the Cathedral, where, unobserv'd he might satisfy a Curiosity which none who Love, will condemn him for, any more than they will for the thrilling Extacy which fill'd his Soul at the Reading these Lines.



To Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

FOR fear I should not have an Opportunity of speaking to you, in safety, I take this Method to inform you, that I have been so Successful in my Negotiation, as to make CAMILLA repent the Severity of her Sentence, and wish for nothing more than to recall it ; you are now entirely justified in her Opinion, by the Artifice which was made use of to Deceive you, and she is, I believe, no less enrag'd at CIAMARA for depriving her of that Letter you sent by the Count, than she was at you for that unkind one, which came to her Hands. She is now under less restraint, since BRIGNE'S Report of her Behaviour to you, and the everlasting Resentment she vow'd, and I have prevail'd on her to accompany me in a Visit I am to make, to-morrow in the Evening, to Donna CLARA METTELINÉ, a Nun, in the Monastery of St. Augustine, and if you will meet us there, I believe it not impossible but she



she may be brought to a Confession of all I have discover'd to you of her Thoughts.

THE Count's Letter was of no small Service to you, for tho' without that Evidence she wou'd have been convinc'd of your Constancy, yet she wou'd hardly have acknowledged she was so; and if he will take the Pains to come with you to-morrow, I believe his Company will be acceptable, if you think it proper, you may let him know as much from

VIOLETTA.

P. S. I beg a thousand Pardons both of you and the Count for the abruptness of my Departure last Night; something happen'd to give me a Confusion from which I cou'd not at that time recover, but hope for the future to be more Mistress of my self.

MONSIEUR FRANKVILLE hasted to the Count's Lodgings, to communicate his good Fortune, but found him in a Humour very unfit for Congratulations; the Post had just brought him a Letter from his Brother, the Chevalier BRILLIAN, the Contents whereof were these

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To Count D'ELMONT.

MY LORD,

TIS with an inexpressible Grief that I obey the Command you left me, for giving you from Time to Time an exact Account of MELLIORA'S Affairs, since what I have now to acquaint you with,
will

will make you stand in Need of all your Moderation to support it. But, not to keep your Expectation on the Rack, loth as I am, I must inform you, that *MELLIORA* is, by some unknown Ravisher stolen from the Monastery — The manner of it, (as I have since learn'd from those who were with her) was thus: As she was walking in the Fields, behind the Cloyster Gardens, accompanied by some young Lady's, Pensioners there as well as her self, four Men well mounted, but Disguis'd and Muffled, rode up to them, three of them jump'd off their Horses, and while one seiz'd on the defenceless Prey; and bore her to his Arms, who was not alighted, the other two caught hold of her Companions, and prevented the Out-cryes they would have made; 'till she was carry'd out of sight, then Mounting again their Horses, immediately lost the amaz'd Virgins all Hopes of recovering her.

I Conjure my dearest Brother to believe there has been nothing omitted for the Discovery of this Villany, but in spite of all the Pains and Care we have taken in the search. None of us have yet been happy enough to hear the least Account of her: That my next may bring you more welcome News, is the first wish of

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Zealously Affectionate

Brother, and Humble Servant

BRILLIAN.

P. S.

The Fatal Enquiry.

III

P. S. *THERE* are *some* People here, Malicious enough to Report, that the Design of carrying away MELLIORA, was contriv'd by you, and that it is in Rome *she* only can be found. It wou'd be of great Advantage to my Peace, if I cou'd be of the Number of those who believe it, but I am too well acquainted with your Principles to harbour such a Thought. Once more, my dear Lord, for this Time, Adieu.

AFTER the COUNT had given this Letter to FRANKVILLE to read, he told him, he was resolv'd to leave Rome the next Day, that nobody had so great an Interest in her Recovery as himself, that he would Trust the Search of her to no other, and swore with the most dreadful Imprecations he could make, never to rest, but wander, *Knight-Errand* like, over the whole World 'till he had found her.

THO' Monsieur FRANKVILLE was extreamly concern'd at what had happen'd to his Sister, yet he endeavour'd to dissuade the Count from leaving Rome till he knew the result of his own Affair with CAMILLA; but all his Arguments were for a long time ineffectual, 'till, at last, showing him VIOLETTA's Letter, he prevail'd on him to defer his Journey till they had first seen CAMILLA, on Condition, that if she persisted in her Rigour, he shou'd give over any further fruitless Solicitations, and accompany him to Paris: This FRANKVILLE promis'd to perform, and they pass'd the time in very uneasy and impatient Cogitations, 'till the next Day
about

about Five in the Evening they prepar'd for the Apointment.

COUNT D'ELMONT and his longing Companion were the first at the Rendezvous; but in a very little while they perceiv'd two Women coming towards them: The Idea of CAMILLA was always too much in FRANKVILLE'S Thoughts, not to make him know her, by that charming Air (which he so much ador'd her for) tho' she was Veil'd never so closely, and the Moment he had sight of them, Oh Heaven (cry'd he to D'ELMONT) yonder she comes, that, — that my Lord, is the divine CAMILLA; as they came pretty near she that indeed prov'd to be CAMILLA, was turning on one Side, in order to go to the Grate where she expected the Nun. Hold! hold *Donna CAMILLA*, cry'd VIOLETTA, I cannot suffer you shou'd pass by your Friends with an Air so unconcern'd, if *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* has done any thing to merit your Displeasure, my Lord the Count certainly deserves your Notice, in the Pains he has taken to undeceive you! One so much a Stranger as Count D'ELMONT is, answer'd she, may very well excuse my Thanks for an explanation, which had he been acquainted with me, he would have spar'd the Cruel CAMILLA! said FRANKVILLE, is then the knowledge of my Innocence unwelcome? — Am I become so hateful, or are you so chang'd, that you wish me guilty, for a justification of your Rigour? If it be so, I have no Remedy but Death, which tho' you depriv'd me of, the last time I saw you, I now can find a Thousand means to compass; he pronounc'd

nounc'd these words in so Tender, yet so resolv'd an Accent, that CAMILLA cou'd not conceal part of the Impression they made on her, and putting her Handkerchief to her Eyes, which in spite of all she had done to prevent it, overflow'd with Tears; talk not of Death, said she, I am not Cruel to that degree, Live FRANKVILLE, Live! — But Live, without CAMILLA! Oh, 'tis impossible! Resum'd he, the latter part of your Command entirely destroys the first. — Life without your Love, would be a Hell, which I confess my Soul's a Coward, but to think of.

THE COUNT and VIOLETTA were Silent all this Time, and perceiving they were in a fair way of Reconciliation, thought the best they cou'd do to forward it, was to leave 'em to themselves, and walking a few Paces from them: You suffer my Lord, said she, for your Generosity in accompanying your Friend, since it condemns you to the Conversation of a Person who has neither Wit, nor Gaiety sufficient to make her self Diverting. Those, reply'd he who wou'd make the Excellent VIOLETTA a Subject of Diversion, ought never to be blest with the Company of any, but such Women who merit not a serious Regard: But you indeed, were your Soul capable of Descending to the Follies of your Sex, wou'd be extreamly at a Loss in Conversation so little Qualify'd as mine, to please the Vanities of the fair, and you stand in need of all those more than Manly Virtues you possess, to pardon a Chagreen, which even your Presence cannot Dissipate: If it cou'd, interrupted she, I assure your Lordship, I shou'd much more re-

joyce in the happy Effects of it on you, than *Pride* my self in the power of such an Influence-- And yet, continu'd she with a Sigh, I am a very Woman, and if free from the usual Affectations and Vanities of my Sex, I am not so from Faults, perhaps, less worthy of forgiveness: The Count cou'd not presently resolve what reply to make to these words, he was unwilling she should believe he wanted Complaisance, and affraid of saying any thing that might give room for a Declaration of what he had no power of answering to her wish ; but after the consideration of a Moment or two, Madam, said he, tho' I dare not Question your Sincerity in any other Point, yet you must give me leave to Disbelieve you in this, not only, because, in my Opinion, there is nothing so contemptibly ridiculous as that self sufficiency, and vain desire of pleasing, commonly known by the Name of *Coquetry*, but also because she who escapes the Contagion of this Error, will not without much difficulty be led into any other: Alas my Lord, cry'd VIOLETTA, now vastly wide of Truth is this Assertion? That very foible, which is most pernicious to our Sex, is chiefly by *Coquetry* prevented: I need not tell you that 'tis Love I mean, and as blameable as you think the *one*, I believe the *other* wou'd find less favour from a Person of your Lordship's Judgment: How Madam, interrupted the Count pretty warmly, have I the Character of a Stoick?— Or do you imagine that my Soul is compos'd of that course Stuff, not to be capable of receiving, or approving a Passion, which, all the Brave, and generous think it their glory to Profess, and which

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can only give refin'd delight, to Minds enobled. — But I perceive, continu'd he growing more cool, I am not happy enough in your Esteem; to be thought worthy the Influence of that God. Still you mistake my Meaning said VIOLETTA, I doubt not of your Sensibility, were there a possibility of finding a Woman worthy of Inspiring you with soft Desires; and if that shou'd ever happen, Love wou'd be so far from being a weakness, that it wou'd serve rather as an Embelishment to your other Graces; it's only when we stoop to Objects below our Consideration, or vainly wing our wishes to those above our Hopes that makes us appear ridiculous or contemptible; but either of these is a Folly which, — which the incomparable VIOLETTA, interrupted D'ELMONT, never can be guilty of: You have a very good Opinion of my Wit resum'd she, in a melancholly Tone, but I shou'd be much happier than I am, if I were sure I cou'd secure my self from doing any thing to forfeit it: I believe, reply'd the COUNT there are not many things you have less Reason to apprehend than such a Change; and I am confident were I to stay in *Rome* as many *Ages*, as I am determin'd to do but *Hours*, I shou'd, at last leave it, with the same Esteem and Admiration of your singular Vertues, as I now shall do. VIOLETTA cou'd not prevent the Disorder these words put her into, from discovering it self in the Accent of her Voice, when, How! My Lord, said she, are we then to lose you? — Lose you in so short a Time: As the COUNT was about to answer, FRANKVILLE and CAMILLA join'd them, and looking on FRANKVILLE, if any

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Credit,

Credit, said he, may be given to the language of the Eyes, I am certain yours speak Success, and I may congratulate a Happiness you lately cou'd not be persuaded to hope; had I a thousand Eyes, cry'd the transported Lover, a thousand Tongues, they all wou'd be but insignificant to express the Joy! — the unbounded Extacy, my Soul is full of, — but take the mighty Meaning in one Word, — CAMILLA's mine — for ever mine — the Storm is past, and all the sunny Heaven of Love returns to bless my future Days with ceaseless Raptures: Now, my Lord, I am ready to attend you in your Journey, this Bright! this beauteous Guardian Angel will partake our Flight! and we have nothing now to do, but to prepare with secrecy and speed fit means for our Escape. As soon as FRANKVILLE had left off speaking, Count D'ELMONT addressing himself to CAMILLA, made her abundance of Retributions, for the happiness she gave his Friend, which she receiving with a becoming Cheerfulness, and unaffected Gayety, I am afraid, said she, your Lordship will think a Woman's Resolution is, henceforth, little worth regarding; but, continu'd she, taking VIOLETTA by the Hand, I see well, that this unfaithful Creature has betray'd me, and to punish her Infidelity, will, by leaving her, put it out of her power to deceive my Confidence again: VIOLETTA either did not hear, or was not in a condition to return her Rallery, nor the Praises which the Count and Monsieur FRANKVILLE concur'd in of her Generosity, but stood motionless and lost in Thought, till CAMILLA seeing it grow towards Night, told the Gentlemen, she

thought

thought it best to part, not only to avoid any Suspicion at Home of their being out so long, but also that the others might order every thing proper for their Departure, which it was agreed on between FRANKVILLE and her, should be the next Night, to prevent the success of those mischievous Designs she knew CIAMARA and CITTOLINI were forming against both the Count and Monsieur FRANKVILLE.

MATTERS being thus adjusted to the entire Satisfaction of the Lovers, and not in a much less proportion to the Count, they all thought it best to avoid making any more Appointments till they met to part no more, which was to be at the Wicket at dead of Night. When the Count took leave of VIOLETTA, this being the last time he cou'd expect to see her, she was hardly able to return his Civilities, and much less to answer those which FRANKVILLE made her, after the Count had turn'd from her to give him way; both of them guess'd the Cause of her Confusion, and D'ELMONT felt a concern in observing it, which nothing but that for MELLIORA cou'd surpass.

THE next Day found full Employment for them all, but the Count as well as FRANKVILLE was too impatient to be gone, to neglect any thing requisite for their Departure, there was not the least particular wanting, long before the time they were to wait at the Wicket for CAMILLA's coming forth: The Count's Lodging being the nearest, they stay'd there, watching for the long'd for Hour, but a little before it

a Youth, who seem'd to be about 13 or 14 Years of Age, desir'd to be admitted to the Count's presence, which being granted, pulling a Letter out of his Pocket, and blushing as he approach'd him: I come, my Lord, said he, from *DONNA VIOLETTA*, the Contents of this will inform you on what Business, but lest the Treachery of others, shou'd render me suspected, permit me to break it open, and prove it carries no Infection: The Count look'd earnestly on him while he spoke, and was strangely taken with the uncommon Beauty and Modesty which he observ'd in him: You need not give your self the trouble of that Experiment, answer'd he, *DONNA VIOLETTA*'s Name, and your own engaging Aspect, are sufficient Credentials, if I were liable to doubt; in saying this, he took the Letter, and full of fears that some Accident had happen'd to *CAMILLA*, which might retard their Journey, hastily read over these Lines.



To the Worthy Count D'ELMONT.

MY LORD,

IF any Part of that Esteem you Profess'd to have for me, be real, you will not deny the Request I make you to accept this Youth, who is my Relation, in Quality of a Page: He is inclin'd to Travel, and of all Places, France is that which he is most desirous of Going to: If a diligent Care, a faithful Secresy, and an Unceasing watchfulness to please, can render him acceptable to your Service, I doubt not but he will, by those, Recomend himself, here after:

after : In the mean Time beg you will receive him on my word : And if that will be any Inducement to prejudice you in his favour, I assure you, that tho' he is one degree nearer in Blood to my Father, he is by many in Humour and Principles to.

VIOLETTA.

P. S. May Health, Safety, and Prosperity attend you in your Journey, and all the Happiness you wish for, crown the End.

THE YOUNG FIDELIO, for so he was call'd, cou'd not wish to be receiv'd with greater Demonstrations of Kindness than those the COUNT gave him : And perceiving that VIOLETTA had trusted him with the whole affair of their leaving Rome in private, doubted not of his Conduct, and consulted with him, who they found knew the Place perfectly well, after what manner they should Watch, with the least danger of being discover'd, for CAMILLA's opening the Wicket. FRANKVILLE was for going alone, lest if any of the Servants shou'd happen to be about, one Person would be less liable to suspicion than if a Company were seen ; the Count thought it most proper to go all together, remembring FRANKVILLE of the danger he had lately escap'd, and might again be brought into ; but FIDELIO told them, he wou'd advise that they two should remain conceal'd in the Portico, of the Convent of St. Francis, while himself wou'd watch alone at the Wicket for CAMILLA, and lead her to them, and then afterwards they might go altogether to that Place where the Horses and Servants shou'd attend them ; the

Page's Counsel was approv'd by both of them, and the time being arriv'd, what they had contriv'd was immediately put in Execution.

EVERY thing happen'd according to their Desire, CAMILLA got safely to the Arms of her impatient Lover, and they all taking Horse, rode with such Speed, as some of them wou'd have been little able to bear, if any thing less than Life and Love had been at Stake.

THEIR eager wishes, and the goodness of their Horses brought them, before Day-break many Miles from Rome; but tho' they avoided all high-Roads, and travell'd cross the Country to prevent being met, or overtook by any that might know them, yet their desire of seeing themselves in a Place of Security was so great, that they refus'd to stop to take any Refreshment 'till the next Day was almost spent; but when they were come into the House were they were to lye that Night, not all the fatigue they had endur'd, kept the Lovers from giving and receiving all the Testimonies imaginable of mutual Affection.

THE sight of their Felicity added new Wings to Count D'ELMONT's impatience to recover MELLIORA, but when he consider'd the little probability of that hope, he grew inconsolable, and his new Page FIDELIO, who lay on a Pallet in the same Room with him, put all his Wit, of which he had no small Stock, upon the stretch to divert his Sorrows, he talk'd to him, sung to him, told him a hundred pretty Stories,

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and, in fine, made good the Character VIOLETTA had given him so well, that the Count look'd on him as a Blessing sent from Heaven to lessen his Misfortunes, and make his Woes fit easy.

THEY continu'd Travelling with the same Expedition as when they first set out, for three or four Days, but then, believing themselves secure from any Pursuit, began to slacken their Pace, and make the Journey more delightful to CAMILLA and FIDELIC, who, not being accusom'd to ride in that manner, wou'd never have been able to support it, if the strength of their Minds, had not by far, exceeded that of their Bodies.

THEY had gone so much about, in seeking the By-roads, that they made it three times as long before they arriv'd at *Avigno*, a small Village on the Borders of *Italy*, as any, that had come the direct way wou'd have done; but the Caution they had observ'd, was not altogether needless, as they presently found.

A Gentleman who had been a particular Acquaintance of *Monsieur FRANKVILLE's*, overtook them at this Place, and after expressing some Amazement to find 'em no farther on their Journey told *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* he believ'd he cou'd inform him of some things which had happen'd since his Departure, and cou'd not yet have reach'd his Knowledge, which the other desiring him to do, the Gentleman begun in this manner.

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IT was no sooner Day, said he, than it was nois'd over all the City, that *Donna CAMILLA*, *Count D'ELMONT*, and your self, had privately left *Rome*; every Body spoke of it, according to their Humour, but the Friends of *CIAMARA* and *CITTOLINI* were outrageous, a Complaint was immediately made to the *Consistory*, and all imaginable Deligence us'd, to overtake, or stop you, but you were so happy as to Escape, and the Pursuers return'd without doing any thing of what they went about: Tho' *CITTOLINI*'s disappointment to all appearance, was the greatest, yet *CIAMARA* bore it with the least Patience, and having vainly rag'd, offer'd all the Treasure she was Mistress of, and perhaps spent the best part of it in fruitless means to bring you back, at last she swallow'd Poyson, and in the raving agonies of Death, confess'd, that it was not the loss of *CAMILLA*, but *Count D'ELMONT* which was the Cause of her Dispair: Her Death gave a fresh occasion of Grief to *CITTOLINI*, but the Day in which she was Interr'd, brought him yet a nearer, he had sent to his *Villa* for his Daughter *VIOLETTA* to assist at the Funeral, and the Messenger return'd with the surprizing Account of her not having been there as she pretended she was, nothing was ever equal to the Rage, the Grief, and the Amazement of this distracted Father, when after the strictest Enquiry, and Search that cou'd be made, she was no where to be found or heard of, it threw him into a Fever, of which he linger'd but a small Time, and dy'd the same Day on which I left *Rome*.

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THE Gentleman who made this recital, was entirely a Stranger to any of the Company but *Monsieur FRANKVILLE*, and they were retired into a private Room during the time of their Conversation, which lasted not long; *FRANKVILLE* was impatient to communicate to *CAMILLA* and *D'ELMONT* what he had heard, and as soon as Civility wou'd permit, took leave of the Gentleman.

THE Count had too much Compassion in his Nature not to be extreamly troubled when he was told this melancholly Catastrophe; but *CAMILLA* said little, the ill usage of *CIAMARA*, and the impudent, and interested Pretensions of *CITTOLINI* to her, kept her from being so much concern'd at their Misfortunes as she wou'd have been at any other Persons, and the generosity of her Temper, or some other Reason which the Reader will not be ignorant of, hereafter, from expressing any *Satisfaction* in the Punishment they had met: But when the Count, who most of all lamented *VIOLETTA*, express'd his Astonishment and Affliction, at her Elopement, she joyn'd with him in the Praises of that young Lady, with an eagerness which testify'd she had no part in the Hatred she bore her Father.

WHILE they were discoursing *CAMILLA* observ'd that *FIDELIO* who was all this while in the Room, grew very pale, and at last saw him drop down on the Ground, quite Senseless, she run to him, as did his Lord, and *Monsieur FRANKVILLE*, and after, by throwing Water
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in his Face, they brought him to himself again, he appear'd in such an Agony that they fear'd his Fit wou'd return, and order'd him to be laid on a Bed, and carefully attended.

AFTER they had taken a short Repast, they began to think of setting forward on their Journey, designing to reach *Piedmont* that Night: The Count went himself to the Chamber where his Page was laid, and finding he was very ill, told him he thought it best for him to remain in that Place, that he wou'd order Physicians to attend him, and that when he was fully recover'd, he might follow them to *Paris* with Safety. FIDELIO was ready to faint a second time at the hearing these Words, and with the most earnest Conjurations accompany'd with Tears, begg'd that he might not be left behind: I can but dye, said he, if I go with you, but I am sure, that nothing if I stay, can save me: The Count seeing him so pressing, sent for a Litter, but there was none to be got, and in spite of all CAMILLA or FRANKVILLE cou'd say to dissuade him, having his Lord's Leave, he ventured to attend him as he had done the former part of the Journey.

THEY Travell'd at an easy rate, because of FIDELIO's Indisposition, and it being later than they imagin'd, Night came upon 'em before they were aware of it, Usher'd in, by one of the most dreadful Storms that ever was; the Rain, the Hail, the Thunder, and the Lightning, was so Violent that it oblig'd 'em to mend their Pace to get into some Place of shelter, for there

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was no House near : But to make their Misfortune the greater, they miss'd the Road, and rode considerably out of their way, before they perceiv'd that they were wrong; the darkness of the Night, which had no Illumination than now and then, a horrid flash of Lightning, the wildness of the Desert, which they had stray'd into, and the little Hopes they had of being able to get out of it, at least 'till Day, were sufficient to have struck Terror in the boldest Heart : CAMILLA stood in need of all her Love, to Protect her from the Fears which were beginning to Assault her ; but poor FIDELIO felt an inward Horror, which, by this dreadful Scene encreas'd, made him appear wholly desparate: Wretch that I am, cry'd he, 'tis for me the Tempest rises ! I justly have incurr'd the wrath of Heaven, — and you who are Innocent, by my accurs'd Presence are drawn to share a Punishment only due to Crimes like Mine ! In this manner he exclaim'd, wringing his Hands in bitter Anguish, and rather *Exposing* his lovely Face to all the fury of the Storm, than any way endeavouring to *Defend* it : His Lord, and the two generous Lovers, tho' Harass'd almost to Death themselves, said all they cou'd to comfort him, the COUNT and *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* consider'd his words rather as the Effects of his Indisposition, and the fatigue he endur'd, than remorse for any Crime he cou'd have been guilty of, and the pity they had for one so young and innocent, made the cruelty of the Weather more insupportable to them.

AT Last, after long wandring, and the Tempest still encreasing, one of the Servants, who was before

before, was happy enough to explore a Path, and cry'd out to his Lord with a great deal of Joy, of the Discovery he had made; they were all of Opinion that it must lead to some House, because the Ground was beat down, as if with the Feet of Passengers, and intirely free from Stubble, Stones, and stumps of Trees, as the other part of the Desert they come thro' was Encumber'd with.

THEY had not rode very far before they discern'd Lights, the Reader may imagine the Joy this Sight produc'd, and that they were not slow in making their approach Encourag'd by such a wish'd for Signal of Success: When they came pretty near, they saw by the Number of Lights, which were dispers'd in several Rooms distant from each other, that it was a very large and magnificent House, and made no doubt, but that it was the Country-Seat of some Person of great Quality: The wet Condition they were in, made them almost asham'd of appearing, and they agreed not to Discover who they were, if they found they were unknown.

THEY had no sooner knock'd than the Gate was immediately open'd by a Porter, who asking their Business, the Count told him they were Gentlemen, who had been so Unfortunate to mistake the Road to *Piedmont*, and desir'd the Owners leave for Refuge in his House, for that Night; that is a Curtesy, said the Porter, which my Lord never refuses; and in Confidence of his Assent, I may venture to desire you to A-light, and bid you Welcome: They all accepted the Invitation, and were conducted into

a stately Hall, where they waited not long before the *Marquess De SAGUILLIER*, having been inform'd they appear'd like People of Condition, came himself to confirm the Character his Servant had given of his Hospitality. He was a Man perfectly well Bred, and in spite of the Disadvantages their Fatigue had subjected them to, he saw something in the Countenance of these Travellers, which commanded his Respect, and engag'd him to receive them with a more than ordinary Civility.

ALMOST the first thing the COUNT desir'd, was that his Page might be taken care of; he was presently carry'd to Bed, and CAMILLA (to whom the *Marquess* made a thousand Apology's that being a Batchellor, he cou'd not Accommodate her, as he cou'd the Gentlemen) was show'd to a Chamber, where some of the Maid Servants attended to put her on dry Cloaths.

THEY were splendidly Entertain'd that Night, and when Morning came, and they were preparing to take Leave, the *Marquess*, who was strangely Charm'd with their Conversation, Entreated them to stay two or three Days with him to recover themselves of the Fatigue they had suffer'd: The COUNT's impatience to be at PARIS, to enquire after his Dear MELLIORA wou'd never have permitted him to consent, if he had not been oblig'd to it, by being told that FIDELIO was grown much worse, and not in a Condition to Travel: FRANKVILLE and CAMILIA had said nothing, because they wou'd not Oppose the COUNT's Inclination, but were extremely

treemly glad of an Opportunity to rest a little longer, tho' sorry for the Occasion.

THE *Marquess* omitted nothing that might make their Stay agreeable; but tho' he had a longing Inclination to know the Names, and Quality of his Guests, he forbore to ask, since he found they were not free to discover themselves: The Conversation between these accomplish'd Persons was extreamly Entertaining, and CAMILLA, tho' an *Italian*, spoke *French* well enough to make no inconsiderable part of it; the Themes of their Discourse were various, but at last happning to mention Love, the *Marquess* spoke of that Passion so feelingly, and express'd himself so vigorously when he attempted to excuse any of those Errors, (it leads its Votarys into, that it was easy to Discover, he felt the Influence he endeavour'd to represent:

NIGHT came on again, FIDELIO's Distemper encreas'd to that degree, that they all began to despair of his Recovery, at least they cou'd not hope it for a long Time, if at all, and Count D'ELMONT fretted beyond measure at this unavoidable delay of the progress of his Journey to that Place, where he thought there was only a possibility of hearing of MELLIORA: As he was in Bed, forming a thousand various Idea's, tho' all tending to one Object, he heard the Chamber Door unlock, and opening his Curtains perceiv'd somebody come in; a Candle was burning in the next Room, and gave Light enough at the opening the Door, to show it was
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a Woman, but what Sort of one he cou'd not Discern, nor did he give himself the trouble of asking who was there, believing it might be one of the Servants come in to fetch something she wanted, 'till coming pretty near the Bed, she cry'd twice in a low Voice, are you a Sleep, no, answered he, a little surpriz'd at this Disturbance, what wou'd you have? I come said she, to talk to you, and I hope you are more a *Chevalier* than to prefer a little Sleep, to the Conversation of a Lady, tho' she Visits you at Midnight: These words made D'ELMONT believe he had met with a second CIAMARA, and lest he shou'd find the same Trouble with this as he had done with the former, he resolv'd to put a stop to it at once, and with an Accent as peevish as he cou'd turn his Voice to the Conversation of Lady's reply'd he, is a Happiness I neither Deserve, nor much Desire at any Time, especially at this; therefore whoever you are, to oblige me, you must leave me to the freedom of my Thoughts, which at present afford me matter of Etertainment more suitable to my Humour than any thing I can find here! Oh Heavens! Said the Lady, is this the Courtly, the Accomplish'd Count D'ELMONT? So fam'd for Complaisance and Sweetness? Can it be he, who thus rudely Repels a Lady, when she comes to make him a Present of her Heart? The COUNT was very much amaz'd to find he was known in a Place were he thought himself wholly a Stranger, I Perceive, answer'd he, with more Ill-humour if possible than before, you are very well acquainted with my Name, which I shall never deny (tho' for some Reasons I conceal'd it) but not at all

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with my Character, or you wou'd know, I can esteem the Love of a Woman, only when 'tis *Granted*, and think it little worth acceptance, *Proffer'd*. Oh unkind! said she, but perhaps the sight of me, may inspire you with Sentiments less Cruel: With these words she went hastily out of the Room to fetch the Candle she had left within; and the COUNT was so much surpriz'd and vex'd at the Immodesty and Imprudence he believ'd her Guilty of, that he thought he cou'd not Put a greater affront upon her, than her Behaviour deserv'd, and turn'd himself with his Face the other way, designing to deny her the satisfaction even of a look; she return'd immediately, and having set down the Candle pretty near the Bed, came close to it her self, and seeing how he was laid; this is unkind indeed, said she, 'tis but one look I ask, and if you think me unworthy of another, I will for ever shun your Eyes: The Voice in which these words were deliver'd, for those she spoke before were in a feign'd Accent, made the Heart-ravish'd D'ELMONT turn to her indeed, with much more hast, than he had done to avoid her, those Dear, those well-remember'd sounds infus'd an Extacy, which none but MELLIORA's cou'd create; he heard, — he saw, — 'twas she, that very she, whose Loss he had so much deplor'd, and began almost to despair of ever being able to Retrieve! forgetting all Decorum, he flew out of the Bed, catch'd her in his Arms, and almost stiss'd her with Kisses; which she returning with pretty near an equal eagerness, you will not chide me from you now? She cry'd; those who have ever Experienc'd any part of that

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Transport, D'ELMONT now was in, will know it was impossible for him to give her any other Answer, than repeating his Caresses, words were too poor to Express what 'twas he felt, nor had he time to spare for Speech, employ'd in a far dearer, softer Oratory, than all the force of Language cou'd come up to !

BUT, when at last, to gaze upon her with more freedom he releas'd her from that strict Embrace he had held her in, and she blushing, with down cast Eyes began to reflect on the Effects of her unbounded passion, a sudden pang seiz'd on his Soul, and trembling, and convuls'd between extremity of Joy, and extremity of Anguish, I find thee MELLORA, cry'd he, but Oh, my Angel ! where is it thou art found ? — in the House of the young Amorous *Marquese D' SAGUILLIER* ! Cease, cease, interrupted she, your causeless Fears, — where ever I am found, I am, — I can be only yours. — And if you will return to Bed, I will Inform you, not only what Accident brought me hither, but also every particular of my Behaviour since I came.

THESE words first put the COUNT in mind of the Indecency his Transport had made him Guilty of, in being seen in that manner, and was going hastily to throw on his Night Gown, when MELLICRA perceiving his Intent, and fearing he wou'd take cold, told him she wou'd not stay a Moment, unless he granted her Request of returning to his Bed, which he, after having made her sit down on the Side of it, at last consented to : And contenting himself with taking one of

her Hands, and pressing it between his, close Prisoner in his Bosom, gave her Liberty to begin in this Manner the Discovery she had Promis'd.

AFTER the sad Accident of ALOVYSA'S Death, said she, at my return to the Monastery I found a new *Pensioner* there; it was the young *Mademoiselle* CHARLOTTA D' MEZRAY, who being lately left an Orphan, was entrusted to the Care of our *Abbess* being her near Relation, 'till her time of Mourning was expir'd, and she shou'd be married to this *Marquess* D' SANGUILLIER, at whose House we are; they were Contracted by their Parents in their Infancy, and nothing but the sudden Death of her Mother had put a stop to the Consummation of what *then*, they both wish'd with equal Ardour: But alas! Heaven which decreed the little Beauty I am Mistress of, shou'd be pernicious to my own repose, ordain'd it so, that this unfaithful Lover, seeing me one Day at the Grate with CHARLOTTA, shou'd fancy he found something in *Me* more worthy of creating a Passion, than he had in her, and began to wish himself releas'd from his Engagement with her that he might have Liberty to enter into another, which he imagin'd wou'd be more pleasing: Neither she, nor I had the least suspicion of his Sentiments, and, we having commenc'd a very great Friendship, she wou'd for the most part desire me to partake in the Visits he made her: He still continu'd to make the same protestations of Affection to her as ever; but if on any occasion, she but turn'd her Head, or cast her Eyes another way, he wou'd give me such looks, as, tho' I then but little regarded, I have since understood

derstood the meaning of, but too well; in this manner he proceeded for some Weeks, 'till at last he came one Day extreamly out of Humour, and told CHARLOTTA the occasion of it was, that he had heard she gave Encouragement to some other Lover, she, amaz'd, as well she might, Avow'd her Innocence, and endeavour'd to Undeceive him, but he who resolv'd not to be convinc'd, at least not to seem as if he was pertended to be more enrag'd at what he call'd weak Excuses, said he was satisfy'd she was more Guilty, even than he wou'd speak, — that he knew not if it were consistent with his Honour, ever to see her more. — And in short, behav'd himself in so unaccountable a manner, that there was no room to Doubt that he was either the most *Impos'd* on, or most *Base* of Men: It wou'd be endless for me to endeavour to represent poor CHARLOTTA's affliction. So I shall only say, it was answerable to the Tenderness she had for him, which cou'd by nothing be exceeded, but by that, continu'd she Sighing, and looking Languishly on him, which, contrary to all the Resolutions I had made brings *me* to seek the Arms of my Enchanting D'ELMONT, to rouse Remembrance of his former Passion! to strengthen my Idea in his Heart! and Influence him a new with Love and Softness! This kind Digression made the COUNT give Truce to his *Curiosity*, that he might Indulge the Raptures of his *Love*, and raising himself in Bed, and pressing her slender fine proportioned Body close to his, wou'd permit her no otherwise, than in this Posture to continue her Discourse.

SEVERAL Days resum'd MELLIORA, were past, and we heard nothing of the *Marquess*, all which, as he has since told me, were spent in fruitless Projections to steal me from the Monastery ; but at last, by the means of a *Lay Sister*, he found means to convey a Letter to me ; the Contents of it, as near as I can remember were These.



To the Divine MELLIORA.

TIS not the falshood of CHARLOTTA, but the Charms of MEELIORA have produc'd this Change in my Behaviour, do not therefore, at the reading this, affect a surprize at Effects, which I am sure cannot be uncommon to such Excellence ! Nor accuse an Inconstancy, which I rather esteem a Virtue than a Vice : To Change from you indeed wou'd be the highest Sin, as well as Stupidity ; but to Change for you, is what all must, and ought to do, who boast a Capacity of distinguishing. I Love you, Oh Divinest MELLIORA, I burn, I languish for you in unceasing Torments, and you wou'd find it impossible for you to condemn the boldness of this Declaration, if you cou'd be sensible of the Racks which force me to it, and which must shortly End me, if not happy enough to be receiv'd

Your Lover,

D'SANGULLIER.

'T IS

'Tis impossible for me to express the Grief, and Vexation this Letter gave me, but I forbore showing it to CHARLOTTA, knowing how much it would encrease her Anguish, and resolv'd when next I saw him, as I made no doubt but I should quickly do, to use him in such a fashion, as in spite of his Vanity, shou'd make him know I was not to be won in such a manner, for I confess, my dear D'ELMONT, that his Timidity gave no less a shock to my *Pride*, then his Infidelity to her I really Lov'd did to my *Friendship*: The next Day I was told a Gentleman enquir'd for me, I presently imagin'd it was he, and went to the Grate, with a Heart full of Indignation, I was not deceiv'd in my Conjecture, it was indeed the MARQUESS who appear'd on the other side, but with so much Humility in his Eyes, and awful fear, for what he saw in Mine, as half disarm'd my Anger for what concern'd my self, and had his Passion not proceeded from his Inconstancy, I might have been drawn to pity what was not in my power to Reward; but his base Usage of a Woman so Deserving as CHARLOTTA made me Express my self in Terms full of Disdain and Detestation, and without allowing him to Reply, or make any Excuses pluck'd the Letter he had sent me out of my Pocket, with a design to return it him, just at that Moment when a Nun came hastily to call me from the Grate: Some body had overheard the beginning of what I said, and had told the *Abbe's*, who, tho' she was not displeas'd at what she heard of my Behaviour to him, yet she thought it improper for me hold any Discourse with a Man, who declar'd himself my Lover:

I did not, however, let her know who the Person was, fearing it might come to CHARLOTTA's Ears, and increase an Affliction, which was already too violent: I was vext to miss the Opportunity of giving back his Letter, but kept it still about me, not in the least Questioning, but that boldness which had encourag'd him to make a discovery of his Desires, wou'd again lead him to the Prosecution of them in the same manner, but I was deceiv'd, his Passion prompted him to take other, as he believ'd, more effectual Measures: One Day, at least a Fortnight after I had seen the *Marquess*, as I was walking in the Garden with CHARLOTTA, and another young *Pensioner*, a Fellow who was employ'd in Taking away Rubbish, told us there were some Statues carry'd by the Gate, which open'd into the Fields, which were the greatest Master-pieces of Art that had ever been seen: They are going, said he, to be plac'd in the *Seiur VALIER's* Garden, if you step but out, you may get a Sight of them: We, who little suspected any Deceit, run without Consideration to satisfy our Curiosity, but instead of the Statues we expected to see, four Living Men disguis'd, muffled, and well Mounted came Galloping up to us, and, as it were surrounded us, before we had Time to get back to the Gate we came out at: Three of them alighting, seiz'd me, and my Companions, and I, who was the destin'd Prey, was in a Moment thrown into the Arms of him who was on Horseback, and who no sooner receiv'd me, than as if we had been mounted on a *Pegasus*, we seem'd rather to fly than Ride; in vain I struggl'd, shriek'd, and cry'd

cry'd to Heaven for help, my Prayers were lost in Air, as quickly was my Speech, surprize, and rage, and dread, o'rewhelm'd my sinking Spirits, and unable to sustain the Rapidity of such violent Emotions I fell into a Swoon, from which I recover'd not, till I was at the Door of some House, but where, I yet am ignorant; the first thing I saw, when I open'd my Eyes, was one of those Men who had been Assistant in my carrying away, and was now about to Lift me from the Horse: I had not yet the power to Speak, but when I had, I vented all the Passions of my Soul in terms full of Distraction and Dispair: By what means the People of the House were gain'd to my Ravishers Interest, I know not, but they took little Notice of the Complaints I made, or my Implorations for Succour: I had now, not the least shadow of a Hope, that any thing but Death cou'd save me from Dishonour, and having vainly Rag'd, I at last sat down meditating by what means, I shou'd Compass that only Relief from the worse Ruin which seem'd to threaten me: While my Thoughts were thus employ'd, he who appear'd the chief of that insolent Company, making a Sign that the rest shou'd withdraw, fell on his knees before me, and plucking off his Vizard discover'd to me the Face of the *Marquess D'SAGUIL-LIER*. Heavens! how did this Sight inflame me? Mild as I am, by Nature, I that Moment was all Fury! ——— 'Till now I had not the least Apprehension who he was, and believ'd 'twas rather my *Fortune* than my *Person*, which had prompted some daring Wretch to take

take this Method to obtain it, but now, my Woes appear'd, if possible, with greater Horror, and his Quality and Engagement with CHARLOLTA made the Act seem yet more Base. I Blame you not, said he, Oh Divineſt MELLIORA! The Presumption I am guilty off, is of ſo high a Nature as juſtly may deſerve your utmoſt Rigour! — I know, and confeſs my Crime. — Nay, hate my ſelf for thus offending you. — But Oh! 'Tis unavoidable. — Be then, like Heaven, who when Injur'd moſt, takes moſt delight to Pardon: Crimes unrepented, answer'd I, can have no plea for Mercy, ſtill to perſiſt, and ſtill to aſk forgiveness, is *Making* of the Power we ſeem to *Implore* and but encreaſes Sin. — Release me from this Captivity, which you have betray'd me into, Reſtore me to the Monaſtry — And for the future, ceaſe to ſhock my Ears with Tales of violated Faith, deteſted Paſſion! Then, I perhaps, *may* pardon what is *paſt*. His reply to all this was very little to the Purpoſe, only I perceiv'd he was ſo far from complying with my Requeſt, or repenting what he had done, that he reſolv'd to proceed yet further, and one of his Associates coming in, to tell him that his Chariot, which it ſeems he had order'd to meet him there, was ready, he offer'd to take me by the Hand to lead me to it, which I reſuſing, with an Air which teſtify'd the Indignation of my Soul, Madam, ſaid he you are not here leſs in my Power, than you will be in a Place, where I can Accommodate you in a manner more ſuitable to your Quality, and the Adoration I have for you: If I were capable of a baſe Deſign on you, what hinders
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but I now might perpetrate it? But be assur'd your Beauties are not of that kind, which inspire Sentiments dishonourable; nor shall you ever find any other Treatment from me, that what might become the humblest of your Slaves; my Love, fierce as it is, shall know it's Limits, and never dare to Breathe an Accent less Chast than your own Virgin Dreams, and Innocent as your Desires.

THO' the boldness he had been guilty of, and still persisted in, made me give but little Credit to the Latter part of his Speech, yet the Beginning of it awak'd my Consideration to a reflection, that I cou'd not indeed be any where in a greater danger of the Violence I fear'd, than where I was; but on the contrary it might so happen that in leaving that Place I might possibly meet some Persons who might know me, or at least be carry'd somewhere whence I might with more likelyhood, make my Escape: In this last Hope I went into the Chariot, and indeed, to do him justice, neither in our Journey, nor since I came into his House, has he ever violated the Promise he made me; nothing can be with more Humility than his Addresses to me, never Visiting me without first having obtain'd my leave! But to return to the particulars of my Story, I had not been here many Days, before a Servant-Maid of the House, being in my Chamber doing something about me, ask'd me if it were possible I cou'd forget her; the Question surpriz'd me, but I was much more so, when looking earnestly in her Face, which I had never done before, I perfectly distinguish'd the Features of CHARLOTTA: Oh Heavens! cry'd I,
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CHARLOTTA! The very same, said she, but I dare not stay now to unfold the Mystery, lest any of the Family take Notice, at Night when I undress you, you shall know the History of my Transformation.

NEVER any Day seem'd so long to me as that, and I feign'd my self indispos'd, and rung my Bell for some body to come up, several Hours before time I us'd to go to Bed, CHARLOTTA guessing my impatience, took care to be in the way, and as soon as she was with me, not staying for my Requesting it of her, begun the Information she had promis'd, in this manner.

You see, said she forcing her self to put on a half smile, your unhappy Rival follows to interrupt the Triumph of your Conquest, but I protest to you, that if I thought you esteem'd my perjur'd Lover's Heart an offering worthy your Acceptance, I never wou'd have disturb'd your happiness, and 'tis as much the Hopes of being able to be Instrumental in serving you in your Releasement, as the prevention of that Blessing the injurious D'SAGUILLIER aims at, which has brought me here: Of all the Persons that bewail'd your being carry'd away, I was the only one who had any Guess at the Ravisher, nor had I been so wise, but that the very Day on which it happen'd, you drop'd a Letter, which I took up, and knowing it the *Marquess's* Hand, made no scruple of Reading it. I had no opportunity to upbraid you for the concealment of his falshood, but the manner of your being seiz'd, convinc'd me you were Innocent of favouring his

his Passion, and his Vizard flipping a little on one Side, as he took you in his Arms, discover'd enough of that Face, I have so much Ador'd, for me to know who it was, that had took this Method to gain you: I will not continu'd she, weeping, trouble you with any Recital of what I endur'd from the Knowledge of my Misfortune, but you may judge it by my Love; however, I bore up against the Oppressive weight, and resolv'd to struggle with my Fate, even to the Last, I made an Excuse for leaving the Monastery the next Day, without giving any suspicion of the Cause, or letting any body into the Secret of the *Marquess*, and Disguis'd as you see found means to be receiv'd by the House-keeper, as a Servant, I came here in three Days after you, and have had the opportunity of being confirm'd by your Behaviour, of what I before believ'd, that you were far from being an Assistant in his Design.

HERE the sorrowful CHARLOTTA finish'd her little Account, and I testify'd the Joy I felt in seeing her, by a thousand Embraces, and all the Protestations of Eternal Friendship to her, that I could make: All the times we had any opportunity of Talking to each other, were spent in forming Schemes for my Escape, but none of them appear'd feasible; however the very Contrivance was a kind of Pleasure to me, for tho' I began to banish all my Fears of the *Marquess's* offering any violence to my Virtue, yet I found his Passion wou'd not permitt him to suffer my Departure, and I was almost Distracted when I had no Hopes of being in a Capacity
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of hearing from you, or writing to you: In this fashion my dearest D'ELMONT have I liv'd, sometimes flattering my self with vain Projects, sometimes desponding of being ever free: But last Night, CHARLOTTA coming up, according to her Custom, told me in a kind of Rapture that you, and my Brother were in the House, she, it seems knew you at *Paris* while her Mother was yet Living, and to make her entirely easy as to the *Marquess*, I had now made her the Confident of my Sentiments concerning you: I need not tell you the Extacy this News gave me, you are too well acquainted with my Heart, not to be able to conceive it more justly than Language can Express; but I cannot forbear Informing you of one thing, of which you are ignorant, tho' had Prudence any share in this Love-directed Soul, I shou'd conceal it: My impatience to Behold you, was almost equal to my Joy to think you were so near, and transported with my eager wishes, by CHARLOTTA's Assistance, I last Night found the way into your Chamber: I saw you, Oh D'ELMONT! My longing Eyes enjoy'd the satisfaction they so much desir'd, but yours were clos'd, the Fatigue of your Journey had laid you fast a Sleep, so fast, that even Fancy was unactive, and no kind Dream, alarm'd you with one Thought of MEL-LIORA!

SHE cou'd not pronounce these last words very Intelligibly, the greedy COUNT devour'd 'em as she spoke, and tho' Kisses had made many a Parenthesis in her Discourse, yet he restrain'd himself as much as possible for the Pleasure of hearing

hearing her; but perceiving she was come to a Period, he gave a loose to all the furious Transports of his ungovern'd Passion: A while their Lips were Cemented! rivetted together with Kisses, such Kisses! as Collecting every Sense in one, exhale the very Soul, and mingle Spirits! Breathless with bliss, then wou'd they pause and gaze, then joyn again, with Ardour still encreasing, and Looks, and Sighs, and straining Grasps were all the Eloquence that either cou'd make use of: Fain wou'd he now have obtain'd the aim of all his Wishes, strongly he press'd, and faintly she repuls'd: Dissolv'd in Love, and melting in his Arms, at last she found no words to form Denials, while he, all fire, improv'd the lucky Moment, a thousand Liberties he took.—A thousand Joys he reap'd, and had infallibly been possesst of all, if CHARLOTTA, who seeing it broad Day, had not wonder'd at MELLIORA's stay, and come and knock'd at the Chamber Door, which not being fastend, gave way to her Entrance, but she made not such hast, but that they had time enough to Disengage themselves from that close Embrace they had held each other in: Heavens! MELLIORA, cry'd the careful Interrupter, what mean you by this stay, which may be so prejudicial to our Designs, the *Marquess* is already stirring, and if he shou'd come into this Room, or send to yours, what might be the Consequence: I come, I come, said MELLIORA alarm'd at what she heard, and rising from the Bed-side: Oh, you will not, said the COUNT in a Whisper, and tenderly pressing her Hand, you must not leave me thus! A few Hours hence, answer'd she aloud, I hope

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to have the Power to own my self all yours, nor can the Scheme we have laid fail of the Effects we wish, if no Discovery happens to Postpone it: She was going with CHARLOTTA out of the Chamber, with these words, but remembering her self, she turn'd hastily back, let not my Brother, Resum'd she, know my Weakness, and when you see me next, feign a surprize equal to his own.

IT is not to be suppos'd that after she was gone, D'ELMONT, tho' kept awake all Night, cou'd suffer any Sleep to enter his Eyes, excess of Joy, of all the Passions, hurries the Spirits most, and keeps 'em longest busied: *Anger* or *Grief*, rage violently at first, but quickly flag, and sink at last into a Lethargy, but *Pleasure* warms, exhilarates the Soul, and every rapturous Thought infuses new Desires, new Life, and added Vigour.

THE *Marquess De SAGUILLIER* was no less happy in imagination than the *Count*, and it was the force of that Passion which had rouz'd him so early that Morning, and made him wait impatiently for his Guests coming out of their Chambers, for he wou'd not disturb them: As soon as they were all come into the Drawing-Room, I know not Messieurs, said he, with a Voice and Eyes wholly chang'd from those he wore the Day before, whether you have ever Experienc'd the force of Love to that Degree that I have, but I dare believe you have Generosity enough to rejoyce in the good Fortune I am going to be possess'd of; and when I shall
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inform you how I have long languish'd in a Passion, perhaps, the most extravagant that ever was, you will confess the Justice of that God, who soon or late, seldom suffers his faithful Votaries to miss their Reward: The Count cou'd not force himself to a Reply to these Words, but FRANKVILLE and CAMILLA who were entirely Ignorant of the Cause of them, heartily Congratulated him. I am Confident, resum'd the *Marquess*, that Dispair has no Existence but in weak and timorous Minds, all Women may be won by Force or Stratagem, and tho' I had, almost, invincible Difficulties to struggle with, Patience, Constancy, and a bold, and artful Management has at length surmounted them: Hopeless, by Distant Courtship to obtain the *Heart* of my Adorable, I found means to make my self Master of her *Person*, and by making no other use of the power I had over her, than humbly Sighing at her Feet, convinc'd her my Designs were far from being Dishonourable; and last Night, looking on me, with more kindness than she had ever done before. My Lord, said she, your Usage of me has been too Noble, not to vanquish what ever Sentiments I may have been possess'd with to your Prejudice, therefore since you have Company in the House, who may be Witness of what I do, I think I cannot chuse a fitter time, than this, to bestow my self, before them, on him who most Deserves me: I will not now, continu'd he, delay the Confirmation of my Happiness so long, as to go about to describe the Extacy I felt, for this so wish'd, and so unhop'd a Condescension,

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sion, but when, hereafter, you shall be told the whole History of my Passion, you will be better able to conceive it; the *Marquess* had scarce done speaking, when his Chaplain came into the Room, saying he believ'd it was the Hour his Lordship order'd him to attend; it is! it is, cry'd the transported *Marquess*. Now my worthy Guests you shall behold the lovely Author of my Joys; with these words he left them, but immediately return'd, leading the intended Bride: *Monsieur FRANKVILLE*, tho' he had not seen his Sister in some Years, knew her at the first Glimpse, and the Surprize of meeting her--- Meeting her in so unexpected a manner was so great, that his Thoughts were quite confounded with it, and he cou'd no otherwise Express it, than by throwing his Eyes wildly sometimes on her, sometimes on the *Count*, and sometimes on the *Marquess*; the *Count* tho' apprisd of this, felt a Consternation for the Consequence little inferior to his, and both being kept silent by their different Agitations, and the *Marquess*, by the sudden Change, which he perceiv'd in their Countenances, *MELLIORA* had liberty to explain her self in this manner. I have kept my word, my Lord, said she to the *Marquess*, this Day shall give me to him who best deserves me; but who that is, my Brother and *Count D'ELMONT* must determine, since Heaven has restor'd them to me, all Power of disposing of my self must cease; 'tis they must, henceforth, rule the will of *MELLIORA*, and only their consent can make me yours, all Endeavours wou'd be vain to represent the *Marquess's* confusion at this
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sudden Turn, and 'tis hard to say whether his Astonishment, or Vexation was greatest; her Brother he wou'd little have regarded, not doubting but his Quality, and the Riches he was possess'd of, wou'd easily have gain'd his Compliance; but Count D'ÉL M O N T, tho' he knew him not (having, for some Disgust he receiv'd at Court, been many Years absent from *Paris*,) yet he had heard much Talk of him, and the Passion he had for MELLIORA, by the Adventure of ALOVY SA'S Death had made too great a Noise in the World not to have reach'd his Ears; he stood Speechless for some time, but when he had a little recover'd himself, have you then Deceiv'd me, Madam? Said he, No, answer'd she, I am still ready to perform my promise, whenever these Gentlemen shall Command me.—The one my Brother, the other my Guardian, obtain but their Consent, and — Mine, he can never have, Interrupted FRANKVILEE hastily, and laying his Hand on his Sword. Nor mine, cry'd the C O U N T, while I have Breath to form Denials, or my Arm strength to Guard my Beautious Charge; hold Brother, — Hold my Lord, said MELLIORA, fearing their Fury wou'd produce some fatal Effects, the MARQUESS has been so truly Noble, that you rather ought to Thank, than resent his Treatment of me, and tho' I see Rage in *your* Eyes, and all the Stings of Disappointment glowing fierce in *his*, yet I have Hopes, a general Content may Crown the End.—Appear! continu'd she, raising her Voice, appear! Thou lovely faithful Maid! Come forth and Charm thy roving Lover's

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Heart,

Heart again to Constancy, to Peace, and thee ! She had no sooner spoke, then CHARLOTTA entred, drest like a Bride indeed, in a Suit of Cloaths, which she had brought with her, in case any happy Opportunity shou'd arise for her to discover herself: If the *Marquess* was before confounded, how much more so was he now ? That injur'd Lady's Presence, just at this juncture, and the Surprize by what means she came there, made him utterly unable to resolve on any thing, which she observing, and taking advantage of his Confusion, run to him, and catching hold of his Hand; wonder not my Lord, said she, to see CHARLOTTA here, nothing is impossible to Love like mine, tho' slighted and abandon'd by you, still I pursue your Steps with Truth, with Tenderness, and Constancy untir'd ! — Then, perceiving he still was silent, come, my Lord, continu'd she, you must at last take Pity on my Sufferings, my Rival, Charming as she is, wants a just sensibility of your Deserts, and is by that less worthy even than I, Oh, then remember, if not to me, what 'tis you owe your self, your own exalted merits, and you will soon determine in my Favour, and confess that she, who knows you best, ought most to have you ; she spoke these Words in so moving an Accent, and they were accompany'd with so many Tears, that the most rocky Heart must have relented, and that the *Marquess* was sensibly touch'd with em, his Countenance Testify'd, when sighing, and turning his

his Head a little away, not with Disdain, but Remorse, for the Infidelity he had been guilty of: Oh cease, said he, this Flood of softness, it gives me Pains I never felt before, for 'tis impossible you can forgive. — Oh Heaven! cry'd the transported CHARLOTTA, all you have done, or ever can do of unkindness, is by one tender Word made full amends for; see at your Feet, continu'd she falling on her Knees, thus, in this humble Posture, which best becomes my prostrate Soul, I beg you to accept the Pardon which I bring, to banish from your Mind all Thoughts that you have injur'd me, and leave it free from all the generous Joys the making others happy must create: This action of CHARLOTTA'S joyn'd to the Reflection how strangely every Thing happen'd to prevent his Designs on the other, won him entirely, and raising her with a tender Embrace, put it out of her Power to regret his ever being false, since his return gave her a taste of Joys, which are not, but in Reconciliation to be found.

THE Count, *Monsieur* FRANKVILLE, and the two Ladys who had waited all this while in an impatient Expectation for the end of this Affair, now paid their several Congratulations, all highly applauding the Constancy of CHARLOTTA, and the timely Repentance of the MARQUESS: These Ceremonies being over, the *Marquess* desir'd CHARLOTTA to acquaint him by what means she had gain'd admittance to his House unknown to him; which Curiosity she

Love in Excess: Or,

immediately satisfying, engag'd a new the Praises of the whole Company, and more endear'd herself to her Belov'd *Marquess's* Affections.

TRANQUILLITY now reign'd in those Hearts which lately heav'd with various and disturb'd Emotions, and Joy sat smiling upon every Cheek, entirely Happy in their several wishes, they cou'd now talk of past Woes with Pleasure, and began to enter into a very delightful Conversation, when FRANKVILLE on a sudden missing CAMILLA, and asking for her, one of the Servants told him she was gone to the Sick Page's Chamber, this News gave him some little alarm, and the rather because he had observ'd she express'd a more than ordinary Tenderness and Care for this Page all the time of their Journey; he ran immediately to the Room where he heard she was, and found her lying on the Bed, with her Arms round FIDELIO's Neck, and her Face close to his, this shocking Sight, had certainly driven the rashness of his Temper to commit some deed of Horror, if the the Amazement he was in had not prevented it; he drew his Sword half out, but then, as if some Spell had Charm'd his Arm, remain'd in that Posture, fix'd and motionless as Marble: CAMILLA half blinded with the Tears which fell from her Eyes, saw not the Confusion he was in, nor consider'd the seeming Reason he had to be so, but raising her Head a little to see who it was that came into the Chamber, Oh FRANKVILLE! said she, see here the Ruins of Love, behold the Tyranny of that fatal Passion in this expiring Fair! But hast, continu'd she, find-
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ing him ready to Faint, let Count D'ELMONT know, the faithful, generous VIOLETTA ! Dies. -- she dies for him, and asks no other R  compence, than a last farewell -- VIOLETTA Interrupted FRANKVILLE, what means CAMILLA ? This, this is VIOLETTA, resum'd she, who like a Page disguis'd has follow'd the too Lovely COUNT, and lost her self : The Rage, which at his first Entrance had possess the Heart of FRANKVILLE, now gave way to Grief, and coming near the Bed, he began to Testify it, by all the Marks which an unfeign'd Concern cou'd give ; but this unfortunate Languisher, finding her Strength decay, prevented him from making any long Speeches, by renewing that Request, which CAMILLA had already made known, of seeing her dear Lord before she Dy'd, which FRANKVILLE making hast to fulfill, she call'd to him as loud as her Weakness wou'd permit to come back, and as assoon as he was, CAMILLA, said she, has inform'd me of my Lord's good Fortune in meeting with the Charmer of his Soul, I wou'd not deprive him of a moments Happiness. I therefore beg she'd give a dying Rival, leave to wish her Joy, and as neither my Death, nor the Cause of it can be a Secret, to any of the Company here, I desire they all may be witnesses with what Pleasure I welcome it ; FRANKVILLE Fiery as he was, had a vast deal of Compassion in his Nature, and cou'd not see so Beautiful a young Lady, and one whom he had so many obligations to, on the Account of his Affair with CAMILLA, in this despairing, and dying Condition without being seiz'd with an Anguish inexpressible ; but

all the Pangs he felt were nothing, compar'd to those he gave D'ELMONT in the Delivery of her Message; he ran into the Room like a Man distracted, and in the hurry of his Grief, forgot even the Complaisance he ow'd to MELLIORA, but she was too generous to disapprove his Concern, immediatly followed with her Brother, the *Marquess*, and CHARLOTTA: What is it that I hear, Madam? Cry'd the COUNT, throwing himself on the Bed by her, can it be possible that the admir'd VIOLTTA cou'd forsake her Father, — Country, — Friends — foregoe her Sexes Pride, — the pomp of Beauty, — gay Dresses, and all the Equipage of State, and Grandeur, to follow in a mean Disguise, a Man unworthy of her Thoughts? Oh! No more, said she weeping, you are but too, too worthy Adoration, Nor do I yet believe my Love a Crime, tho' the Consequence is so, I might in *Rome*, with Honour and Innocence have dyed, but by my shameful flight, I was the murderer of my Father — that, — that's a Guilt, which all these floods of Penitence can never wash away — Yet, bear me witness Heaven, how little I suspected the sad Event, when first, unable to support your Absence, I contriv'd this way, unknown, to keep for ever in your sight; I Lov'd, 'tis True, but if one unchast Wish, or an impure Desire, er'e stain'd my Soul, then, may the purging Fire to which I am going, miss it's Effect, my Spots remain, and not one Saint vouchsafe to own me: Here the force of her Passion, agitating her Spirits with too much Violence for the weakness of her
Body

Body, she sunk fainting in the Bed: And tho' the **COUNT** and **CAMILLA** felt the most deeply, her Afflictions, the one because they proceeded from her Love to him, and the other as having long been her Friend, and Partner of her Secrets, yet those in the Company who were most Strangers to her, participated in her Sufferings, and commiserated the Woes they cou'd not Heal, and as soon as she recover'd from her Swoon, the generous **MELLIORA** (not in the least possess'd with any of those little jealousies, which Women of narrow Souls harbour on such Occasions) came nearer to the Bed, and taking her kindly by the Hand, Live, and be Comforted, said she; a Love so Innocent shall never give me any Disquiet.—Live and Enjoy the Friendship of my Lord, and if you please to favour me with yours, I shall esteem it, as it Deserves, a Blessing. No Madam, answer'd the now almost Expiring **VIOLETTA**, Life, after this shameful Declaration, wou'd be the worst of Punishments, but, not to be Ungrateful to so generous an Offer, for a few Moments I accept it, and like Children, placing their darling Play things on their Pillow, and then contented go to sleep, so I wou'd keep your Lord, wou'd view him still while I awake to Life, then drop Incensibly into a slumber of eternal Peace, This mournful Tendernefs pierc'd **D'ELMONT**, to the very Soul, and putting his Arm gently under her Head, which, he perceiv'd she was too weak to raise when she endeavour'd it, and laying his Face on one of her Hands, cou'd not forbear washing it in Tears, she felt the Cordial

dial drops, and, as if they gave her a new Vigour, exerting her Voice to the utmost of her Strength; this is too kind, said she, I now can feel none of those Agonies which render Death the King of Terrors, and thus, thus happy in your Sight, ——— your Touch ——— your tender pity, I can but be translated from one Heaven to another, and yet, forgive me Heaven if it be a Sin, I cou'd wish, Methinks, to know no other Paradise than you, to be permitted to Hover round you, to form your Dreams, to sit upon your Lip all Day, to mingle with your Breath, and glide in unfelt Air into your Bosom: She wou'd have proceeded, but her Voice faltered in the Accent, and all she spoke distinguishable was, Oh D'ELMONT receive in this one Sigh my latest Breath — it was indeed her last, she died that Moment, died in his Arms, whom more than Life she priz'd, and sure there are none who have liv'd in the Anxietys of Love, who wou'd not envy such a Death!

THERE was not in this noble Company, one whose Eyes were dry, but Count D'ELMONT for some time was inconsolable, even by MELIORA, he forbore the celebrating of his so eagerly desir'd Nuptials, as did the *Marquess* and *Monsieur FRANKVILLE* theirs, in Complaisance to him, 'till after VIOLETTA was inter'd, which the COUNT took care shou'd be in a manner becoming her Quality, her Merit, and the Esteem he profess'd to have born her: But when this melancholly Scence was past, a Day of Joy succeeded, and one happy Hour
con-

confirm'd the wishes of the three longing Bridegrooms ; the Weddings were all kept in a splendid manner at the MARQUESS's, and it was not without a great deal of Reluctance, that he, and CHARLOTTA suffer'd the COUNT, *Monsieur* FRANKVILLE, and their Ladies to take leave of them ; when they came to *Paris*, they were joyfully receiv'd by the *Chevalier* BRILLIAN and ANSELLINA, and those, who in the COUNT's Absence had taken a liberty of censuring and condemning his Actions, aw'd by his Presence, and in time, won by his Virtues, now swell his Praises with an equal Vehemence : Both he and FRANKVILLE, are still living, blest with a numerous and hopeful Issue, and continue, with their fair Wives great, and lovely Examples of conjugal Affection.

F I N I S.



The Fatal Enquiry.

...the witness of the time longing bride-
 ...the wedding were all kept in a playful
 ...manner at the marriage, and it
 ...not without a great deal of merriment,
 ...and CHARLOTTE entered the Court
 ...FRANKLIN, and their Lady to
 ...leave of them; when they came to this
 ...were joyfully received by the General
 ...and the
 ...in the Court's absence had taken a li-
 ...of carrying and conducting his actions
 ...by his presence, and in time won by his
 ...now took his place with an equal
 ...Both he and FRANKLIN are
 ...with a manners and joyful
 ...and continue with fair wives great
 ...lovely example.



F I N I S

